

The Inquirer.

A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

ESTABLISHED IN 1842.]

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3610.
NEW SERIES, No. 714.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.

The Inquirer.

August 26th contains the following Articles:—

Sermon by Prof. G. DAWES HICKS.
"The Bahais." By ERIC HAMMOND.

August 19th.

Sermon by Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.
"Alcohol and Childhood."
"The Vitality of Platonism." By
DOROTHY TARRANT.

August 12th.

Sermon by Rev. E. W. LEWIS, M.A.,
B.D.
"Religious Freedom in Prussia." By
Dr. K. SCHRADER.
"American Summer Schools." By F.
J. GOULD.

Any of the above numbers, post free, 1½d.
3, ESSEX STREET, STRAND.

THE LARGER HOPE.

BY

Prof. G. DAWES HICKS.

A Sermon preached at Manchester College,
Oxford, on the occasion of the Summer
Meeting of the University Extension Students,
August 20, 1911.

Published in "THE INQUIRER,"
for August 26th.
Post free 1½d.
3, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.

WHAT ARE WE?

A Question never yet Answered by
Christian Scientists.

PRICE 1d., Post Free.

From the Author,

EDWARD A. SUTTON, 4, South Cliff, Eastbourne.

"A Masterpiece of Brevity and Clearness."

LYDGATE CHAPEL.

OLIVER HEYWOOD MEMORIAL.

The New Sunday School will be opened by
LORD AIREDALE on Saturday, September 30.

The sum of £250 is required to open the
Building free of debt.

Contributions will be gratefully acknowledged.

JOB LEE (*Hon. Treas.*),
Muirin Hall, Thongsbridge, near Huddersfield.
Rev. M. EVANS (*Minister*),
Lydgate Parsonage, New Mill, Huddersfield.

TUITION BY POST

For all Examinations,

— BY —

CLOUGH'S
Correspondence College.

Established 1879.

THE OLDEST, LARGEST, AND MOST SUCCESSFUL
CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE.

Clough's System of Postal Tuition is
MOST ECONOMICAL.
MOST CONVENIENT.
MOST SUCCESSFUL.

85,000 Successes in 31 years
proves Clough's System the Best.

SPECIAL COURSES FOR:

All Professional Preliminary Examinations (Legal, Medical, Theological, &c.).

All Civil Service Examinations.

All Commercial Examinations.

Positions open to Women.

Courses in single subjects may be taken.

"The efficient System afforded by
Clough's . . . gives the maximum result
at a minimum cost."

"The Civilian," August 14, 1909.

Write for full particulars and advice to
Clough's Correspondence College,
Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

NEW BOOKS.

Cr. 8vo. 232 pp. 3s. 6d. net, by post 3s. 9d.

THE HISTORICAL JESUS
AND
THE THEOLOGICAL CHRIST.
By J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, M.A., D.D.

Cr. 8vo. 112 pp. 2s. 6d. net, by post 2s. 9d.

WEALTH, BEAUTY, YOUTH.
By J. T. SUNDERLAND, M.A.

Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 114 pp. 2s. net,
by post 2s. 3d.

**THE PLACE OF CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE
RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.**
By J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, M.A., D.D.

BOOK ROOM, Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.

Schools.

WILLASTON SCHOOL,
NANTWICH, CHESHIRE.

In the Country, four miles from Crewe.
Excellent Buildings and Equipment. Two
open Scholarships at Oxford, December, 1910.
Prospectus on application to the HEADMASTER.
Inspection specially invited.

CHANNING HOUSE HIGH SCHOOL,
AND BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
HIGHGATE, LONDON, N. *Head Mistress:* Miss
LILIAN TALBOT, B.A., Honours Lond. Pre-
paration for London Inter. Arts and Matricu-
lation, Senior Cambridge Local, and Associated
Board (Music). Healthy situation, Hockey,
Cricket, and Swimming. Special terms for
daughters of Unitarian ministers. New Term,
Tuesday, September 19th. — Apply to the
HEAD MISTRESS.

TAN-Y-BRYN, LLANDUDNO.—
PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Sound Education under best conditions of
health.

Next Term begins September 19.

For Prospectus and information apply to
C. J. MONTGOMERY, M.A., *Head Master.*

LETCHWORTH SCHOOL, HERTS.
—Co-educational. Thorough all-round
education, from six years upwards, preparing
without break for universities and professions,
&c. Special attention to physical and moral
development. Handicrafts well taught. All
religious opinions honourably respected.
Bracing air, model buildings, efficient staff.
Entire charge of pupils from abroad.
Principal: J. H. N. STEPHENSON, M.A. (Oxon).
Head of Junior School: Mrs. N. STEPHENSON.

HARRINGAY DAY and BOARDING
SCHOOL for Boys, Hornsey, London,
N. (Established 25 years.)

Preparation for all exams. Home comforts.
Terms, 10 to 12 guineas, all inclusive.

Headmaster: Rev. D. DAVIS
(Manchester College and Oxford University).

MONTMORENCY, près PARIS, 34,
rue de Pontoise.—Mrs. POTEL receives
a few young ladies to complete their education
and study French—perfect accent—arts, music.
Comfort. Terms from £25 quarterly, visit
from September 1.

MANCHESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD

Principal:

Rev. J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, M.A., D. Litt., D.D.

For particulars as to **Lectures**, and **Bur-**
saries for Students for the Ministry, apply
to the PRINCIPAL, or to one of the undersigned,

A. H. WORTHINGTON, B.A.,
1, St. James' Square, Manchester.
Rev. HENRY GOW, B.A.,
3, Keats Grove, Hampstead,
London, N.W.

OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Morning.

N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Church is in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

SUNDAY, September 3.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, M.A.
 Barmsey, Fort-road, 7, Mr. W. LEE, B.A.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE CRITCHLEY, B.A.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. MORITZ WESTON, D.D., Ph.D.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. R. K. DAVIS, B.A.
 Finchley (Church End), Fern Bank Hall, Gravel Hill, 6.30, Rev. J. H. M. NOLAN, M.A., B.Litt.
 Forest Gate, Upton-lane, 11, Rev. JOHN ELLIS; 6.30, Mr. A. STEPHEN NOEL.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. BERTEAM LISTER, M.A.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. W. J. JUPP.
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. C. FROST.
 Ilford, High-road, 11 and 7, Rev. A. H. BIGGS, M.A.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Mr. F. R. NOTT, LL.B.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W. No Morning Service; 7, Mr. S. P. PENWARDEN.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. C. ROPER, B.A.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. CHYNOWETH POPE.
 Deptford, Church and Mission, Church-street, 6.30.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. T. E. M. EDWARDS.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30. Supply.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, D.Litt., M.A. No Evening Service.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15, Dr. LYONEL TAYLER. No Evening Service.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. J. H. M. NOLAN, M.A., B.Litt; 6.30, Rev. JOHN ELLIS.
 University Hall, Gordon-square, W.C. Closed. Services will be resumed on September 17.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, Wandsworth, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Wimbledon, 27B, Merton-road, 7, Rev. J. A. PEARSON.
 Wool Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. JOSEPH WILSON.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Supply.
 AMBLESIDE, The Old Chapel at The Knoll, Rydal-road, 11, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. A. VOYSEY, M.A.
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. AUSTIN, M.A.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
 BOLTON, Halliwell-road Free Church, 10.45, Scholars' Service; 6.30, Rev. J. ISLAN JONES, M.A.

BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. RUDOLPH DAVIS, B.A.
 BRADFORD, Chapel Lane Chapel, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. H. McLAUCHLAN.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Churchgate-street (Presbyterian), 11 and 6.45, Mr. GEORGE WARD.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STREET.
 CHELMSFORD, Unitarian Church, Legg-street, 6.30.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 EVESHAM, Oat-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30.
 GATESHEAD, Unity Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. WILSON.
 GEE CROSS, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. PICKERING.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS and Rev. H. W. KING.
 HOBBSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. HARGROVE.
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH BOND.
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. I. FRIPP.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. CRADDOCK.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JAMES HARWOOD, B.A.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-park, 11, Rev. E. S. RUSSELL, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
 MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. WHITAKER.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. JESSE HAWKES.
 MORETONHAMPTON, Devon, Cross Chapel, 11 and 3, Rev. A. LANCASTER.
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. PARRY.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Unitarian Church, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Mr. H. E. B. SPEIGHT.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45, Rev. G. W. THOMPSON.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church-street, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. TRAVERS.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11, Rev. J. F. PARMITER.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. NICOL CROSS, M.A.
 SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. R. ANDREAE, M.A.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, Morning Service, 11, Evening Service and Lecture, 6.30, Rev. GEORGE BURNETT STALLWORTHY.
 WEST KIRBY, Meeting Room, Grange-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. HORACE SHORT.

CAPETOWN.

Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Unitarian Church, Eagles Hall, 1319, Government-street. Sundays, 7.30 p.m.

"THE UNITARIAN MONTHLY."—Magazine for Unitarian Propaganda. Adopted by churches with or without local page. Issued for last Sunday in each previous month. One copy post free, 1/4d.—1s. 6d. a year; 9d. per dozen; 3s. 6d. per 100; extra charge local page.—Address to EDITOR, "Dove-stone," Denton-road, Gorton, Manchester.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

KEATING—GLOVER.—On August 28, 1861, at Effra-road, Brixton, by the Rev. T. L. Marshall, Mr. Richard Keating, of Amersham-park, New Cross, to Mary, second daughter of Mr. Joseph Glover, of Sutherland-square, London.—(Copy from *Christian Herald*.)

DEATHS.

FORDHAM.—On August 18, at Odsey, of heart failure, Fanny Osler, wife of Sir Herbert George Fordham, of Odsey, in her fifty-seventh year.

OGDEN.—On July 18, at Grange, via Katanning, Western Australia, suddenly, Elizabeth Henrietta, wife of Wharton Ogden, and youngest daughter of the late Henry Duckley, of Didsbury, Manchester.

SEDGFIELD.—On August 26, at Hartmoor, Alumdale-road, Bournemouth, Sarah, widow of the late Edward Sedgfield.

Situations

VACANT AND WANTED.

CAPABLE, reliable, Domestic Help, to undertake entire housework; good salary.—Full particulars to Mrs. BUNFORD, School House, Russell Hill, Parley.

WANTED, post at School or Family by well-educated Lady (26). Experiences home and abroad, English subjects, French (conversational), Music (also Violin).—Apply, W.O., INQUIRER Office, 3, Essex-street, Strand, W.C.

MOTHER recommends Daughter (25) for suitable place as Mother's Help, or Governess for Young Children, in England or abroad. Domesticated and healthy.—Reply in first instance to W. O., INQUIRER Office, 3, Essex-street, Strand, W.C.

WANTED, useful companionable Help, not over 35, to share work with elderly lady of small, old-fashioned house, close to Rosslyn Hill Church, Hampstead. Four in family. Daily girl to assist mornings. £20 and laundry.—Mrs. O., INQUIRER Office, 3, Essex-street, Strand, W.C.

The Inquirer.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.

To all parts of the World:—	s.	d.
PER QUARTER	1	8
PER HALF-YEAR	3	4
PER YEAR	6	6

One Shilling per year extra will be charged if credit is taken. Cheques, &c., for Subscriptions, &c., should be made payable to THE INQUIRER Publishing Company, Ltd., at 3, Essex Street, Strand, W.C. All communications for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon Place, Hampstead, N.W., endorsed "Inquirer."

ADVERTISEMENT RATES.

	£	s.	d.
PER PAGE	6	0	0
HALF PAGE	3	0	0
PER COLUMN	2	0	0
INCH IN COLUMN	0	3	6
FRONT PAGE—INCH IN COLUMN	0	4	6

PREPAID RATES.

All orders under this heading must be accompanied by remittance. Charitable Appeals, 1d. per word. Second and further insertions half price. For Appeals occupying large space special quotation will be sent on application. Calendar Notices, 10/- for entire year, for two lines; extra lines, 4d. each. Births, Marriages, and Deaths, 1d. per word. Minimum charge, 1s. 6d. Situations Vacant and Wanted, &c., 20 words, 1s. Each additional 6 words or part of 6 words, 3d. Second and following insertions, half-price.

All communications and payments in respect of Advertisements should be made to The Manager, "Inquirer" Office, 3, Essex-street, Strand, W.C.

Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.

THE INQUIRER.

A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK	551	CORRESPONDENCE :—		MEMORIAL NOTICES :—	
TOLERATION WITHIN A CHURCH	552	A Plea for the Organisation of Leisure	557	The Rev. P. H. Hugenholtz, Jun.	560
LIFE, RELIGION AND AFFAIRS :—		Art and Industry	558	Lady Fordham	560
The One Thing Needful	553	New Methods in Sunday Schools	558	MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES :—	
A Comment upon Disraeli	554	BOOKS AND REVIEWS :—		Notes from New Zealand	561
The International Visits Association in Denmark	555	Stranger than Fiction	558	A Woman in Swiss Pulpits	562
Recent Moral and Religious Developments in France	556	Recent Books of Verse	559	NEWS OF THE CHURCHES	562
		Publications Received	559	NOTES AND JOTTINGS	563
		FOR THE CHILDREN	559		

*** All letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon-place, Hampstead, N.W.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

ON Tuesday Mr. Lloyd George took the opportunity of a stone-laying ceremony in connection with a Welsh Baptist church to speak some earnest and challenging words to the Christian churches of the whole country, in face of the fact, which has once again been brought home to the public mind with terrible power, that there are multitudes of people to-day who, in spite of grinding toil, do not earn enough to keep body and soul together. They had witnessed, he said, a tidal wave of impatience with the harshness of our economic conditions sweeping over the land, and he was not sure if the churches realised the responsibility which called upon them to contend with the symptoms and cure them.

“WE have members of Christian churches,” Mr. Lloyd George continued, “men who are well off and never missed a delicacy, who are angry when an effort is made by any class of the population to ameliorate its condition. I say let these men examine the conditions under which hundreds of thousands, ray millions, of people seek to earn a living for themselves and their wives and children, and if they think that these conditions are satisfactory I would advise them to follow the penance of the Catholic practice for six months and live on the wages of the people of this country, and try to keep their families on the pittance millions of our workers are compelled to live upon. It would cure them of one of the worst sins—the sin of uncharitableness.” He assured them that the community was becoming more intelligent, and they could not impose on their fellow-countrymen. If the Christian churches did not assist in remedying the

conditions, they would be left behind. He besought them to realise their responsibilities before it was too late, and in the spirit of self-sacrifice to lift the people up to the level of a great life.

THE translation of Dr. Gore from Birmingham to the Bishopric of Oxford has been felt rightly to be an event of more than ecclesiastical importance. By personal gifts of earnestness and sincerity of a rare order he has become an honoured figure in the national life, though he has never sought for popularity; and the keenness of his social enthusiasms has obliterated for many people lines of religious cleavage which have always been sharply drawn and consistently observed.

It remains to be seen whether Oxford will give him the fine opportunity for the exercise of his special gifts which he found in Birmingham. A large part of his new diocese is of a quiet rural character, and it will necessarily absorb a great deal of time in the daily routine of administration; while the connection of the Bishops of Oxford with the University has always had its special difficulties. But it is, undoubtedly, the possibilities of wide influence in the University, in its schemes of reform and the deeper currents of its religious life, that are held to justify Birmingham’s loss in the withdrawal of a healing and ennobling influence from its civic and industrial life.

IN one direction men of liberal sympathies in theology will view Dr. Gore’s removal to Oxford with misgiving. In recent years there has been a quiet and steady growth of the spirit of historical investigation more daring in its force and originality than has been usual among Anglican scholars. The Rev. J. M. Thompson’s recent book on the “Miracles of the New Testament” is an example

of what we mean. These more liberal tendencies, with their refusal to recognise the infallibility of traditional dogma, are likely to find a steady and unflinching opponent in the new bishop. Much of his religious teaching, especially when it is cast in a simple and popular form, belongs to the Church Universal; and in certain directions he has opened the door wide to criticism and the modern spirit. But this only means that he has pushed the entrenchments of dogma a little further back, and is prepared to defend them with an absolute refusal to compromise. More than any living theologian of equal weight he has embarked upon the hazardous enterprise of private judgment in choosing between the essential and non-essential in the interpretation of the creed, and as a bishop he has shown that he is ready to enforce his personal decisions, and to condemn the heresy of thought or historical conclusion which exceeds his own. We hope that these hard tendencies, so injurious to spiritual freedom, which have found little encouragement in the breezy atmosphere of Birmingham, will not become unduly prominent in the more conventional religious surroundings of Oxford.

THE article which we publish to-day by a well-known public-school master on the possibilities of comprehension, raises a question of great importance at the present time. It is clear that as a bond of union, doctrinal definitions have broken down, and that official decisions, which claim to bind or to loose, have little power to inspire either intellectual or religious respect. On the other hand it is equally clear that no strong religious society can exist on the basis of a common agreement to treat everything as non-essential. What we want to arrive at is the informing spirit and aim of the organism, without which it cannot preserve its identity, what our contributor

calls the "common mind of the Church." The phrase is a vague one, especially when it is compared with the precise definitions of creeds and articles of faith; but it is suggestive of positive loyalties and definite aims which are equally far removed from intellectual immobility on the one hand and sterile vagueness on the other.

* * *

In this connection a distinction, which is drawn by Professor Harnack in a recent letter on the Jatho case, is of great importance. He urges that there must be no confusion between the aims of a theological faculty in a university and those of a fellowship of Christian worshippers. The former must be entirely unfettered in its loyalty to the spirit of scientific investigation. It must pursue its work and state its conclusions without regard to ulterior consequences or the usefulness of its teaching as a message to the souls of men. But a church has practical ends in view. It exists to speak a word of power, to promote a particular type of spiritual life, to make Christian truth effective for the saving of souls.

* * *

PERHAPS it is to its failure to observe this distinction that Liberal Christianity owes some of its ineffectiveness. If a church places the intellectual processes of investigation, criticism, and discovery in the front rank, and offers to men who come to it for help and healing and positive guidance, the endless pursuit of an elusive truth, it is certain to fail in attractive power. And the failure is not to be attributed to the hardness of the human heart or an unholy appetite for dogma, but to this sterilising confusion between the open mind of science and the lowly and contrite heart of Christian devotion, with its simple confession, "I know in whom I have believed."

* * *

In his weekly article in the *Manchester Guardian* on Thursday, "Artifex" writes in a similar vein about the Broad Church movement in the Church of England and its note of intellectual hesitation. The English Broad Church party, he says, "is not a numerous party, but it contains many men of first-rate power and of high integrity of life and beauty of character. Yet it would be a mistake, I think, to credit it with any great power or influence. I have seen lately several numbers of 'The Modern Churchman,' the organ of the Churchman's Union, which has reached its fifth number. The writers all admit that their Union is a small one. Some of them complain that their influence and weight in the nation are not what they should be. It may be freely admitted that it is not what might be expected from even so small a body of men when their character rather than their numbers

is considered. What is the reason? Is it not a twofold one? First, their attitude is too purely intellectual. It is the outcome rather of an intellectual process than a spontaneous spiritual movement. And secondly, and partly as a result of this, their attitude is too purely negative."

* * *

"It is difficult not to feel," he continues, "as one reads the various articles in 'The Modern Churchman' that they may be able to make a whole series of effective points against a narrow evangelicalism on the one hand and an exclusive sacerdotalism on the other hand, but that in the practical struggles of everyday life either of the two parties against whom they protest will prove more effective. Is this to say that a truly Liberal Christianity is impossible? I think not. But a really vital and effective Liberal Christianity will be the outcome of a vital and spontaneous spiritual movement. A mere eclecticism, claiming to find something of truth and something of falsehood in every man's position; a mere plea for an abstract liberty which will allow anyone to hold any views he pleases, and which calls for the abolition of all doctrinal standards and symbols—these are not likely to inspire any powerful efforts, whether moral, social, or intellectual. An intense belief in a thoroughly positive conception of Christianity, and an intense desire to apply it to the problems of our times—this it is which will yield a really living Liberal Christianity."

* * *

THERE are many unwilling Nonconformists in the country who have never abandoned the dream of a truly national Church. They will read with cordial sympathy the plea of Bishop Welldon in his sermon in the Manchester Cathedral last Sunday for less sectarianism in the Church of England and a quicker sense of responsibility in its relations to the national life. "I know, or I think I know," he said, "the only condition upon which a national establishment of religion can be permanently sustained in a democratic age. It is that the Church of the nation must be national. It is that she must be a harmonising and not a dividing and disturbing power in the national life. It is that in the religious issues of the present and of the future she must pursue not a sectarian but a national policy. She must place herself in the van of the moral and spiritual movements which are making for liberty, progress, and virtue in the land. She must rally to herself the sympathy, if not the positive adhesion of the great majority of English Christians. She must be the foremost representative of that strong personal enlightened and reformed Christianity which has been the life-blood of the national history for nearly four centuries."

TOLERATION WITHIN A CHURCH.

THE case of the Rev. J. M. THOMPSON, Dean of Divinity of Magdalen College, Oxford, whose "licence for the cure of souls" has been withdrawn by the Bishop of Winchester, is likely to raise questions which may cause serious trouble in the Church of England. He is the author of a book which deals with the miracles of the New Testament in a way which is not likely to recommend itself to the conventionally orthodox, and among other things denies the truth of the Virgin birth and the bodily Resurrection of JESUS. I am not concerned here with the critical questions which are there involved, nor attempt to decide whether a belief in those facts is or is not essential to membership of an orthodox Christian community. These are matters for the decision of Biblical scholars and divines. It is of much wider concern to determine how far the idea of toleration is admissible in any religious community, whether the limits of what is permissible should be clearly defined in words, and whether they should apply to questions of historical fact, and whether they should be equally binding on clergy and laity alike. To deal with the last question first. There can be no doubt that in an Established Church to apply an equally vigorous test of orthodoxy to clergy and laity alike is impossible. Where it is doubtful if even the most sacred rites can be denied to any citizen of the country except on grounds of immorality of life, it is obviously impossible to draw any definite line to limit the freedom of lay members of the Church. In free churches the distinction is less sharply drawn, especially when they are anti-sacerdotal in character. Still, it is not likely that expulsion from any such association will befall any non-ministerial member, whereas from the minister himself a standard of orthodoxy is required no less strict than in the case of the Established Church, and often more definite because couched in more modern terms.

Outside of the Roman Catholic Church there can be no doubt that the demand for toleration and a generous liberty of thought has rapidly grown of late years, and is still growing. There are, indeed, those who would repress it, but the general sentiment is in favour of toleration as wide as is consistent with adhesion to the fundamental idea of whatever form of religion it is the object of the society to maintain. Ideally there should be no tests and no formal limits. No one, it may be argued, would wish to join so solemn an association unless he were at one with those whom he wished to join as to the main objects and ideals of his religion. Whether he expressed them in identical language

would be matter of comparative indifference. But experience would seem to show that this ideal is not realisable in the present state of human society. The most "liberal" of recent movements has found itself checked by the fact that under the banner of the society were being preached opinions that were the very contrary to those held by the originator of the movement. Consequently it was necessary to reorganise the society under a new name and with objects more restricted and more clearly defined. Christianity itself in its earliest, simplest, and most enthusiastic days employed a formula which limited the freedom of newly baptised to a single article of faith—to believe that JESUS is the Son of God, or in JESUS and the resurrection. In its later development probably no form of religion which ever existed has been more precise in its formulæ of orthodoxy than that religion whose Founder attached least importance to forms of words and most to purity of spirit. Now the reaction has set in towards the spirit and practice of that Founder. How far can it go within the range of the practical requirements of modern life?

If a new religion were started at the present day, it would probably not be impossible to embody its articles of faith in terms which would admit of a fairly categorical affirmation or denial. But in Christianity we are dealing with a historical faith. Every professing Christian identifies himself in some form or another with a continuous tradition reaching back to its Founder, twenty centuries ago. That tradition is embodied in a book if not in exterior formulæ, and its professors employ traditional terms which, being of ancient origin, are certain to vary in some direction or another from their original connotation. From this it follows that there must be a certain freedom of interpretation in the use of these terms, which will take different directions according to the temperament of the user. The great question at the present time—that, in fact, on which the whole controversy of "Modernism" turns—is whether that liberty may be extended so far as to treat as symbol that which the authors of the terms regarded as fact. At first sight the ordinary devout Churchman would answer unhesitatingly "No." But if he considers carefully he will find that, as a matter of fact, there are few or none among modern Christians who do not habitually employ that process. Most Churchmen would object to the symbolical use of the phrase "born of the VIRGIN MARY," but how many of them are there who use the phrase "He descended into hell" in its original intention? Yet both were originally intended to convey precise historical facts. Or, if the appeal be made to the Article of the Church of England touching the reality of the bodily resurrection, the High Church party, from

which the agitation for precision of orthodoxy mainly proceeds, should be the last to throw a stone, for has not their own treatment of the Articles sometimes been as loose as to suggest Jesuitical methods? Ultimately the question must be decided by "the mind of the Church," and the mind of the Church is not identical with that of the clergy; it means the whole body, clerical and laical alike. For practical purposes it is necessary that that mind should find expression by means of a tribunal, which shall decree whether the alleged heresy is or is not "of the same spirit" as the general community from which it springs. But what tribunal can adequately judge of such a matter? It must be a chosen panel which is able to represent the sense of the whole society. Nothing could be less qualified for such a task than the Anglican episcopate of to-day, whose members do not even profess to hold their authority to speak in such matters in virtue of any appointment by or representation of the general body of believers, but are becoming more and more the guardians of a clerical, if not priestly, tradition which is foreign to the ordinary lay mind. The result of a final and binding decision by such a body on matters of fundamental doctrine, if effective, would cause such a purge as would be resented by a large proportion of the laity of the Church of England.

It is difficult indeed for so lax an organisation, the terms of whose membership are so vague or ill-defined, to express its mind at all, if indeed it possess one. But the event of an episcopal attempt to secure closer definition of orthodoxy might have a salutary effect in two ways. It would expose the futility of the present non-popular method of church government, and, further, might promote the formation of a conscious "mind of the church," which should be capable of focussing and expressing the feelings of its members as to what is vital and not vital to its fundamental tenets. If such is the outcome of the present case, it may prove one of those kindlings of fire on the earth which the Founder of Christianity pictured as the symbol of his mission to a world which is apt to languish through a listless frigidity of soul and conscience.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL MASTER.

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

OTHERS have doubtless said it before, and others will say it again when our lips are silent; but too often it cannot be said that the one all-inclusive and all-important need in the life of the churches to-day, or at any time, is *the spirit of personal devotion and holiness*. Religion, in the end, is an intensely personal and individual matter, and the true and genuine moment of religion is, at the same time, the moment of genuine and true individuality. The soul that is lost in devotion to some human cause gains in individuality; the heart that is abandoned

to some fine human love gains yet more; but the intensest individuality of all arises in the life that, in spurning of all finite satisfactions, is set close to God. From this intense individualism of religion is born the corporate body and fellowship of the Church. The Church can never create religion; the case stands always the other way about. And the strength of a church depends on the strength of true religious individuality resident in its members, on the extent to which the spirit of personal devotion and holiness is felt and expressed by each individual soul concerned. A church may be rich in numbers but lamentably poor in life, whilst another church may reckon its members in tens and twenties and yet be surpassingly rich in the real treasure of heaven. This, if it is sincerely held and considered, should be a consoling thought to many a labourer in the vineyard. The Church of God is majestic where two or three are gathered together, if only those two or three be souls that, *individually*, dwell close to the Divine, and come together simply because they recognise in each other fellow pilgrims along the road of mortality to the infinite joy of heaven.

It is the saddest of sad delusions to suppose that a church can be made strong by definitions and formulas, by agreement in doctrine and belief. A collection of people who hold the same set of intellectual propositions to be true is not a church at all. Such a collection may be a sect, or a party, a school of thought or a society of opinionated and exclusive fanatics; it is certainly not a church. To persuade men to give their adherence to such an aggregation, even if it be organised and possess an excellent name, need not, and often does not, help the cause of true religion one whit; for, again must it be spoken, religion does not consist in intellectual beliefs at all, and churches do not arise on the basis of the faculty of ratiocination. Logic never made a church yet. The true Church is born of that reason which is deeper than the reason of rationalism, and of the spirit which transcends all intellectual formulations. That reason is felt in the deepest recesses of the individual soul, and that spirit is known in the secret places of the individual life.

What, then, is needed if there is to be a church, and a strong church, is the discovery and the cultivation of the innermost personal life, the finding again of the core of personal religion, the sounding again of the call to the devout and holy life. It is the belief of the present writer that this is lamentably lacking in most churches to-day. Are they, really and truly, places of devotion and worship? Are the ministers in the pulpits and the laymen in the pews one and all deeply conscious of an intimate personal relation with God and of a passionate longing for His life in their souls? Do they, as a rule, make that, and that alone, the basis of their fellowship and the ground of their association? Through all the channels of church life does there run the passionate quest for God? Do we hear from our pulpits the sorrow and joy of hearts that are utterly consumed with the lust of heaven, and is the very atmosphere of our places of worship impregnated and made

heavy with the unspoken prayers and the contrite longings of earth-stained souls? Do we touch the intimate silences of God when we meet together for the offices of our religion? These are merely questions that should be faced and answered, if we desire really to live. Yet it often seems as though we were afraid of these questions. Sometimes, indeed, so diverted do we become from fundamental issues, that we endeavour to excuse our remissness by trying, vainly enough, to give to religion itself a character it will not bear. Failing in the inward life, men rush to external things, and seek to palliate their defect by suggesting that religion consists in these external things. Religion, they then say, is fulfilled in outward observances, in good works of charity and love, in zealous activity for the welfare of humanity, even in the undertaking of measures of social reform and regeneration. Religion is called practical; "public duties" take the place of private devotion; politics and economics are substituted for the word of salvation. Congregations are sometimes led to believe that religion demands nothing more from them than the leading of a "decent and respectable life," touched with a dash of sympathy for the woes of mankind. All this may be tolerable enough in its way; but it is not religion. Churches are not produced by it, much less do they grow strong upon such a basis. To call that a church, in which religion is interpreted in this way and in no other, is to misapply language and to degrade ideas. Yet how comparatively few churches escape this criticism unscathed.

Can anything be done? We reply, in the first place, nothing by the means which many seem eager to adopt! Nothing can be accomplished by definition or by organisation on the basis of definition. Dogma has had its day, and rationalism, if pursued further, will lead inevitably to ruin. But there are, at least, two things that can be done. Firstly, we can disentangle the Church idea from the worldly chaos in which at present it is well nigh lost. We can make it clear to ourselves and to others that, for us, the Church is, first and foremost, and before all else, a fellowship of worshipping souls, a company of devout men and women seeking and finding God. That seems a simple thing, yet continually it is forgotten, and the Church is viewed as anything but such a consecrated fellowship. When people ask, for *what* does your Church stand, there should be only one reply—for the worship and service of God, and for nothing else. And if people ask of the members of the Church, *what* are you *doing*, the reply should be—we are worshipping God, and we gather ourselves together here into a community, because we each one feel that we need God more than we need anything or anybody else in this world or in any other. And if anyone thinks that thus to uplift the idea of the Church, to maintain it clear and bright, and to realise it in actuality, does not demand the very best that a man can give, leaving little or no time for any other work, we can only say that such a one is wholly ignorant of that whereof he presumes to speak. The more evident this true idea of church fellowship becomes amongst us, and the more we insist upon it, in season and out of season, the more likely are the

churches to discharge the function peculiarly and exclusively theirs. Fundamentally, the church is for worship and for fellowship in worship. It is not to uphold beliefs, to formulate creeds, or to bring Utopias to pass. It is simply, by praise and prayer, by the spoken word and the silent symbol, to concentrate the already present sense of God in the hearts of its members, and, on the basis of an individual need and longing, to provide a second fellowship and consecrate a community of God. Clearly to grasp and steadfastly to uphold this idea is an imperative need in these days, and one which can be most readily responded to and most easily satisfied by churches enjoying the freedom of an open trust.

Such a work as this, then, lies ready to our hands. But, further, there is another thing we can do, and perhaps an even more important thing. We can encourage in ourselves and seek to awaken in others the direct, personal, and immediate sense of God's presence in the heart and of our desperate need of Him. Not always is this done. Yet we all know when the true word breaks out, and we are all conscious of the change in the whole atmosphere when there rises amongst us a man who really does *know God* intimately and lives with Him. Especially does this need of cultivating the deep life of personality and inwardness come home to the minister. His first work, his greatest work, in the end his only important work, is not to pursue "public duties," to be a member of many committees, to be a leader in political life, to expound doctrine and theology, but to bring himself, daily and hourly, into close personal contact with divine and eternal realities. To that end he must subordinate all else, give up the world and the things of the world, cease to be cumbered about many things, and learn to care only for one. And if, in so doing, it falls to his lot to aid one other human soul, maybe two or three, weary and a little sad, to do the same, to pass from the things that perish to the things that endure, he will have accomplished his greatest work. Not all things can be said glibly and easily. The call to the devout and holy life is very hard to utter. Dangers of spiritual pride are so close, and one is in fear also lest one should seem, forgetting one's own failings, to accuse others unduly. Yet there is nothing so necessary for all the churches to realise as this primary and fundamental need of the devout personal life, and there is nothing they should so seek to cultivate as that. It is the one thing needful.

A COMMENT UPON DISRAELI.

LIFE is too short for anything but forgiveness. Disraeli, who at any rate was an artist in life, though of a florid school, practised forgiveness as a matter of calculation. When he attained office, he showered benefits upon some of the men who had most bitterly opposed him, upon Beresford Hope and Carlyle. But a man who can practise forgiveness as a matter of calculation is on the way to magnanimity; a virtue which, above all others, was necessary to Disraeli. For, more than

other men, he had to contend with abuse. This was due partly to his Jewish birth, partly to the envy which dogged his almost dæmonic success, and only in the third place to those offences against English taste, which arose from his oriental mind. He was an oriental when he asked Peel for office. Nor was he less an oriental when he thought that the refusal of Peel to promote him laid him under no special obligation. But it is not our business to linger over the political controversies which still kindle passion and darken thought about Disraeli. Let us dwell for a moment upon some of his purposes and anticipations. For a better understanding of these will help to determine the judgment of the historian upon the England of the last century. Let others abuse or praise Disraeli the pasha, and latterly the grand vizier; even if we are political opponents, we may learn something from Disraeli, the sheikh and prophet. We must rise into an atmosphere uncontaminated with the lower fires, and join the seer as he strains his eyes to mark the coming of the next dawn.

People have sought the key to Disraeli's life in the faults which are the usual objects of dislike among Englishmen. Lord Shaftesbury presumed to give the name of leper to Disraeli on the ground that his guiding motive was personal ambition. Since this character is not uncommon among politicians, it may be supposed that Lord Shaftesbury merely expressed his own dislike when he thought that he was passing a moral judgment. It was the misfortune of so good a man that he had a sense of personal dignity which impressed and even alarmed his own friends. If at this tribunal Disraeli was branded as a leper, John Bright failed to pass muster as a gentleman, and therefore was disrelished by the formidable judge. Disraeli's greatest mistake in this direction was that at an early date he so far forgot himself as to criticise the Bar. If, however, we remember that Disraeli spoke English as a foreigner, much is explained. People may use the same language, yet fail to understand one another. To Lord Selborne, Disraeli was an actor with a mask he never took off. Another eminent politician said "I do not think that Mr. Disraeli, if he tried, could speak the truth." How are we to explain these judgments upon a man who commanded the attachment and love of hosts of friends?

Readers of Edgar Allan Poe's story, *The Purloined Letter*, will remember that the minister concealed the letter by the simple expedient of not concealing it at all. Disraeli baffled the somewhat stupid criticism to which he was subjected by telling his secret on a hundred pages of his novels. "Progress and reaction are but words to mystify the million. All is race. Race is the key of history." And it was the key to Disraeli's history. Race explained his imagination, his cosmopolitanism, his religion and his hope. He set his imagination against the second-hand results that come by way of business reckoning. As a looker-on at our English game of politics, he seized the shortest way to victory in the game. In religion he never forgot that Syria and Arabia had given to Europe their scriptures and their faith. His hope was that of another Jew,

Spinoza, who saw all things under the form of eternity.

The characteristic and dismal affectation of Englishmen is to be grown-up all their days. Disraeli preferred to remain a child. His delight in fine clothes, which we all feel, and which the middle ages satisfied, has a prophetic meaning. Isaiah, we are told, walked naked and barefoot for three years. Jeremiah put a yoke upon his own neck. Disraeli wore rings over white gloves. He did not crawl into English society by fawning upon it. He seized and clung to youth unashamed. He took a childish pleasure in his pleasant country home at Hughenden. Those who poked fun at him for his "Golden Gate" and his "Saloon" showed that they were less wise than the owner. A hostile critic admits that the saloon, that is to say the drawing-room, was simple. Perhaps Disraeli had suffered enough from the solemn futilities of the complicated English drawing-room, and preferred a term with less excruciating associations. For the rest, Disraeli's eyes were set towards Jerusalem, and a Golden Gate carried him back to the magic of the Syrian city, where the Golden Gate admitted at once to the city and the temple. Disraeli turned in after life to the pages of *Tancred* to quicken his memories of the east. What wonder that he should delight in some slight resemblance and embody the image of a sacred site in a corner of his modest domain?

For he had an imagination not less vivid and penetrating than Carlyle's. John Stuart Mill, in a passage now classical, confessed the inferiority of the reason that moves among abstract ideas as compared with the insight of the seer. And Mill, for this cause, assigned himself a place below Carlyle. Disraeli's imagination was not less vivid than Carlyle's, but with this difference: Carlyle prophesied alone amid the smoke and barrel organs of London. Disraeli, by the very extravagance of his egotism, overflowed into the hearts of his friends, and looked upon the future with courage. His dreams of Asiatic splendour were realised before his death in the Empire of India, and afterward in the gorgeous assemblages that have marked the proclamations of Imperialism. Carlyle worried himself in solitude, and his wife when he came out of it; and, projecting his own discomfort upon the future, saw on every side the tokens of impending doom. Disraeli does not play the part of prophet according to English precedents, but his cheerful dreams have been more nearly verified by experience than the melancholy forebodings of Carlyle.

The claim of Disraeli to the title of prophet rests more upon his insight into the men and things of his own time than upon his power of foretelling the future. When Mr. G. W. E. Russell wishes to portray the times, of which he retains so many remembrances, he falls back upon Disraeli's novels. For he says of those novels, which to some are as unreal as *The Arabian Nights*, that their author "never invented but always observed." This testimony, from one who has always been a political opponent of Disraeli, may satisfy us. If Disraeli could forgive, therefore, it was partly because he knew. The journalists who make attacks upon our

English peerage by way of the backstairs are presumably as ignorant as the public at large of the scathing pages of *Sybil*. No one has ever been more of a realist than Disraeli in his descriptions of the rise and progress of the great families to whom he owed so much. But Disraeli, in the same novel, portrays the degradation of England in passages which remind the reader of Victor Hugo and *Les Misérables*. The figure of Devilsdust, the neglected imp of the streets, is as grandiose as any of the Frenchman's creations, and summarises Disraeli's indictment of the English industrial system of that day, as strongly as a parable of scripture. Froude compared these pages to a chapter of Isaiah.

The sum of the whole matter then, is that Disraeli was a Jewish prophet. To him the nineteenth century was but one link in the chain of the ages. The religious disputes of his time were phases of life to which, as a Jew, he held the key. If, Jew-like, he disdained the material symbol of the deity and combated ritualism in the *Public Worship Regulation Act*, he sympathised with the worship of the Virgin because it exalted a Jewish maiden. Still less is their reason to doubt the sincerity of his Christian profession. Christianity was a Jewish sect. In Jesus he worshipped a man of his own race. Hence he delighted in Renan who depicts the Christ against a Syrian background, so that once more the peasant walks, a man amongst men, under the Jewish skies, "the most illustrious of the human, as well as of the Hebrew race."

THE INTERNATIONAL VISITS ASSOCIATION IN DENMARK.

THE International Visits Association has just ended its sixth visit to Denmark, and its members—five and twenty busy men and women—have gone back to England to work. What have they got out of the I.V.A. that they could not have got otherwise, or that they could not have got easily and cheaply?

The question is put roundly, even brutally. But, after all, it is the question that every traveller asks. In these hasty days we cram much into our short holidays. Rest, recreation, information, must all have their place. We are ill-content to skim over the surface of a country's life, though we may be ill-provided with time, means or money for digging beneath the surface on our own account.

With a short fortnight to dispose of, and the usual ignorance of the Danish language, what could any stray traveller hope to see or hear of the real Denmark? The Danes are fine linguists, to be sure, and even the man in the street has the necessary half-dozen words of English or German, besides a store of goodwill and courtesy for the one-tongued Englishman. Yet that much, welcome though it is, gets the traveller no whither, and perforce for fuller conversation he has to betake himself to hotel porters and their kind and to spend his days in painfully arriving at Baedeker's starred sights. And that is not seeing Denmark and the Danes. That is not (to

quote the prospectus) "making the inhabitants of various countries better acquainted with each other."

To know a country or a people one must, at least in bare outline, know how they are governed, and why. For government grows out of national character and characteristics, tempered and limited as these are by wars and conquest, by soil and sunshine, by poverty and immigration. History, politics, municipal life—what does any ordinary traveller in a foreign land know of these? Or how, among the delights of Copenhagen, shall he suspect that Denmark is a country and not a city, nor even a mere congeries of towns; that agriculture is not *an* industry, it is *the* industry, and upon it all Danish life depends?

Nothing is harder than for the average traveller to obtain this sort of information. He may, of course (and especially if he be far above the average sort) come armed with a sheaf of introductions, friendly or official, and may converse face to face with such experts as he has the good fortune to meet. But such advantages do not fall to the share of every man. They are both rare and costly. And to use them takes time. It is hardly possible to cram many important interviews into ten sweltering August days when everyone is out of town.

And here seems the place to express an astonished gratitude to those ladies and gentlemen who broke into their summer holiday and came back to Copenhagen in order to lecture to the members of the I.V.A. Ladies first! There were Fru Eline Hansen, President of the National Council of Women of Denmark; and Fru Braau, who gave a cookery lecture in the morning, and in the evening discoursed on "What Danish Women are Doing," and "Danish Housewives." Certainly the Danish women do not confine themselves to household management, though English observers can hardly fail to be impressed by the excellent results obtained out of incomes that appear very small. Danish women have pushed their way into nearly every sort of work, and perhaps of all women they are most hopeful of getting the Parliamentary vote soon. If one may venture to judge from two specimens, they are excellent speakers and linguists.

Nevertheless, all the other lectures were given by men, all masters of their special subjects, which were taken in the following order:—

"The History of Denmark," by Dr. Moltesen, member of the Folketing, or, as one may write him shortly, M.P.

"The Government of Denmark," by Herr Paul Skadhauge, Secretary in the Ministry of Justice.

"The Government of Copenhagen," by Herr Phillipsen, Alderman and Deputy Burgomaster, who has just returned from a visit to England, where he was a member of a deputation studying the Housing and Town Planning Act, and who was therefore able to compare wittily Danish and English civic conditions.

"The Danish Peasantry," by Herr Sonne, late President of the Landsting, or "House of Lords," a large landowner and farmer (the two are in Denmark practically synonymous), who is reputed to know all that there is to know of Danish agriculture.

"The Danish Educational System," by Professor Steenborg.

"The Predecessors of the Vikings," by Dr. Schutte, the Secretary of the Danish branch of the I.V.A. and one of Denmark's most learned men.

"The Labour Movement," by Herr H. Svend Trier, member of the Social Democratic Party.

Every one of these lecturers not only offered to answer, but did very patiently and fully answer all the many questions that were put by members of the I.V.A., who had, as it were, a sort of collective personal interview with these distinguished gentlemen.

Yet interviews and lectures alone, no matter how excellent, would have made but a sorry holiday for men and women who were already tired of giving or hearing lectures and lessons as part of their daily round. More time was devoted to excursions than to lectures, the difference between these and other people's excursions being that they were to some place not shown to ordinary sightseers, or to some centre of work closely connected with active national life. Thus Professor Steenborg from lecturer on Education became guide through the Copenhagen University. Herr Sonne's discourse on farming was followed by a visit to the Kørshane School for Cottagers (or should one rather say Small Holders?) and their wives; and it had been preceded by an afternoon spent on the holding of a man who, in Denmark, is not accounted "small" because he owns 160 acres, and lives thereon in ease and comfort, with an astonishing margin for hospitality to strangers. Will any of the I.V.A. members forget the welcome appearance of drinks on that hot afternoon—of beer and lemonade and milk, and later on of coffee and cakes? And all out of a farm of 160 acres managed after the scientific Danish fashion! Let nobody so much as think of the struggling 160-acre man at home!

It is impossible to write of everything, of the Open Air Museum at Lyngby, where Dr. Schutte, who had come from the Island of Bornholm on purpose, acted as guide; of the Alderdomshjem, or municipal almshouses in Copenhagen, where every Danish man or woman over 70 has the right to live and die in peace, and even in luxury; of the "Workhouse Infirmary" next door, with 1,500 beds, where, as it was really a comfort to perceive, we English visitors have not much to learn; of the Labour Exchange Bureau, that has served as a model for so many beginners in other lands; of the Finsen Institute, one of Denmark's chief glories.

All these the I.V.A. members saw under expert guidance. But perhaps the visit that is most clearly stamped on their memories is that to the Højskole or high schools. These are, to quote the lecturer, "Denmark's one entirely original contribution to the educational problem, so urgent everywhere." Grundtvig and Koll—one thinks of them as the two patron saints of modern Denmark—founded the first Højskole, by an irony of fate in Schleswig, so that since 1864 it has been Danish no longer. Askov, a few miles to the north of the boundary, started by a teacher from the older foundation about 1860, is now the most famous of the

seventy high schools in various parts of Denmark. So popular are they that one-tenth of the total population passes through them at or after eighteen years of age; there is no limit of age on the further side. Practically all the pupils are of the peasant class and country folk. The lower middle class people and the artisans of Copenhagen have not so far taken much part in the movement. The pupils pay for themselves except in rare cases of poverty, where a grant amounting to about half the total cost may be made by the State. The course lasts five months of winter for men and three months of summer for women, and a trifle over one kroner (1s. 1½d.) a day is charged for board, lodging and tuition. Pupils bring their own bedding and pay their own travelling expenses, often from distant parts of the country, so that the outlay is considerable. There are no examinations on entrance or on leaving. No certificates are issued. No technical training is given. The aim is "not to impart information, but to awaken the intelligence," and to this end lectures are given on Danish and European history, social economy, natural science, poetry, and literature. They are mostly of the conversational sort and are varied in some cases by "conversational evenings," when the pupils ask questions on any subject that interests them, and the head master answers, somewhat after Socratic methods, one gathers.

Another surprising fact is that these high schools are not State supported institutions, though a State grant may under certain conditions be obtained, in no case amounting to more than £150 a year. The schools are run as private ventures, and with this meagre assistance are run at a profit sufficient to maintain the head master and his staff. According to their popularity and renown, so is the number of pupils. Nobody forces them to come or stay. There may be just a score of pupils, or there may be well over a hundred. They are housed somewhat closely according to English ideas, but the pupils at Roskilde and at Frederichsborg look pictures of health, and are certainly both well fed and gloriously happy. How it is done for the money is one of the problems of Danish domestic finance, insoluble in a short fortnight even under the expert guidance of the I.V.A.

For the rest the members were free to disport themselves after their own fashion, and to see the sights of Copenhagen either before or after or in between whiles, and probably there were few who failed to visit some palaces and parks and galleries, and the far-famed Tivoli Garden. The I.V.A. does not want to add one more to the "personally conducted tours" that swarm over Europe, and the members lodge where and how they please, one in a big cosmopolitan hotel, another in a humble Højskolekjem at 3 to 4 kr. a day. Nobody thinks the worse of you in Copenhagen because your means are narrow. Incomes "run" small where a Cabinet Minister gets £750 a year. And Denmark is one of the cheapest of countries to travel in. Everybody goes third-class, as in England. Anybody can dine for less than a kroner, which unfortunately is not so easy in England, or can get a good bed-

room for 1 to 1½ kroner, with breakfast added thereto for sixpence extra. It is the journey from England that costs the money, but once arrived in Denmark money expands. And though it is very easy to spend more than the £8 8s. that the I.V.A. officially laid down as the minimum cost of its trip, it would probably have been possible to keep within it and yet to join in all the trips and lectures. Only for that one must be a good walker, careless of heat and dust. As for the value of the £1 1s. preliminary fee, perhaps enough has been said to show that the I.V.A. pays that back in full measure running over. One's only fear is that next year there may be too many members. Sorry though one is for the people who might have come, and who did stay at home, it is very certain that those who did come enjoyed themselves all the more because they were few—and, let us hope, fit.

RECENT MORAL AND RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENTS IN FRANCE.

FRANCE is still the weathercock of the nations, and the most certain indicator of the way the spiritual wind of the world is blowing. The signs of the times reveal that a progressive religious movement is at length possible in France; indeed, it is a question of life and death for the country and democracy that a rational revival of religion should take place, the only alternative being, sooner or later, a headlong and reactionary return to Rome. The scientific materialism, passionately clung to for more than a generation, is no longer watertight, and democracy can no longer have safe passage in so tempest-beaten a craft. Among the most significant signs to be singled out—to all of which, I believe, the attention of the readers of this paper has already been called—are the activities of the "Union of Free Thinkers and Free Believers;" the recent appearance of the ethical-religious weekly newspaper *Les Droits de l'Homme* and of the daily Catholic Republican organ *La Démocratie*; and, of course, the subtle influence of the philosophy of Bergson, which has shaken the Goddess of Reason on her throne.

I have recently returned from a visit to Paris, where I had the privilege of intimate converse with leading representatives of the various religious and ethical sections of the nation, and am in a position to call attention to some further recent developments scarcely less significant. I went out commissioned by the Executive of the International Moral Education Congress, and by the Dutch Committee, which is organising the Second Congress, to be held at The Hague in August, 1912, in order to assist in forming in France a representative French Committee in the interests of the Congress. I may say here that fifteen months previously, when I had been despatched on a similar mission to the Continent to advise as to the most suitable place for the Second Congress, I had found the state of parties such in France, the impossibility of getting even the most

liberal Catholics to co-operate with the Free Thinkers so fully demonstrated that I was forced to recommend that the Second Congress be not held at Paris, since the impartial consideration of all points of view in moral education, to which the Congress is pledged, could not, under the circumstances then prevailing in France, have been secured. France, however, moves rapidly, and the co-operation which I had found it impossible fifteen months ago to realise has now proved realisable. A French Committee for the Congress has been formed, the president of which is M. Emile Boutroux (of the Institute), the vice-presidents being M. Ferdinand Buisson, M.P. (the right-hand man of Jules Ferry in introducing the Secular Education laws of the early nineties); M. Denys Cochin, M.P. (of the French Academy, Catholic); and Pastor Wagner (of "Simple Life" fame, Protestant). The Committee also includes distinguished Rationalists, of whom the most noteworthy is the philosopher M. Gabriel Séailles; well-known Catholics of the Left—Professor Paul Bureau (of the Catholic Institute and author of "La Crise Morale des Temps Nouveaux"), Louis Marin, M.P., and M. Georges Fonsegrive; a number of eminent Protestants; and a leading Rabbi.

I may repeat that the hearty support and co-operation of all these has been secured for a Congress, the expressed aim of which is to give an impartial hearing to all points of view, provided only that theological and political controversy be avoided. And such co-operation for educational ends has been quite impossible in France for more than a generation.

It is noteworthy, too, that an almost equally astonishing result has been obtained by the Congress in Holland, where for the first time in recent history for educational purposes, Catholics, Calvinists and Free Thinkers are serving together on the same committee. Such co-operation, both in France and in Holland, cannot but result in better mutual understanding and deeper sympathies.

So far as France is concerned, that is not all. *Le Rappel* of August 2 informs me, through the pen of M. Ferdinand Buisson, of the formation of a French Moral Education League, under the auspices of such men as MM. Boutroux, Frédéric Passy, Léon Bourgeois, Raymond Poincaré, Paul Deschanel, Gabriel Hanotaux, Pierre Baudin, Fernand Faure, Ferdinand Dreyfus, Louis Marin, Gabriel Séailles, and others belonging to all shades of Republican opinion. They appeal to those Catholics and those Free Thinkers who are weary of civil war in the school to work strenuously together to bring peace again into it by a scrupulous respect for liberty of conscience, to which, indeed, all are committed by Republican principles. They urge that in letter and spirit the charter of the lay schools, as drawn up 30 years ago by Jules Ferry, be strictly observed. To this new League the French journal *Le Temps* is giving its powerful aid.

These are hopeful signs. A spirit of reconciliation is once more abroad, and it is now again possible that "the land of St. Louis and Pascal, of Calvin and Lamennais, will once more astonish the world."

HAROLD JOHNSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.

A PLEA FOR THE ORGANISATION OF LEISURE.

SIR,—Do we ever think, we educated people, how it would be if we had nothing to do in our leisure time? If we had no theatres, no music halls, no concerts, no entertainments, no picture galleries? If we wanted to play football or cricket, golf or tennis, and found we could not because there were no grounds? Supposing even our back gardens were taken away from us, or we wanted to hear a lecture and none were to be heard, or to go to church and there were no churches. If all our little favourite indoor games like bridge, chess, billiards, and patience, and a hundred others were taken away from us, where should we be? What should we do? Should we go out and aimlessly walk about? Should we sit down and grumble? How should we work off our bad tempers, we old ones? How should we work off our high spirits, we younger ones? Should we work all our leisure time, because we had nothing else to do? I trow not. We should have to work off superfluous steam somehow. But how? I am not at all sure that we should not all become hooligans.

Has it ever dawned on us that our leisure is organised for us? We can play when and how we like, according to our means. We can play at home, we can play abroad. If we have no time for play, it is our own fault. Play we can, every one of us, if we want to do so. Theatres, concerts, music halls, tennis, croquet, football, cricket, boxing, golf—all are waiting for us. What an organisation of leisure is here ready for us to use it! Now think for a minute of the young man and girl belonging to the lower working classes; the young men and girls who in the large towns work in the factories and in the smaller towns at whatever work they can get. What organisation of leisure is there for them?

All men, high and low, must play; but we seem to forget that we are not the only people who want a play-time. The class of which I am speaking want it more than we do, and want it more organised than we do; partly because it cannot organise for itself and partly because it does not realise its need for such organisations of its leisure. We talk for ever of the *education* of the lower classes and scarcely ever of the *recreation* of those classes. We educate our working-class children on an entirely wrong principle in our elementary schools, and then we pile Pelion upon Ossa by trying to clap them at fourteen into night schools, continuation, secondary, technical, and the Lord knows how many other schools, after keeping them at work all day. Then, when these young men and maidens will not come into our schools, but loaf at

street corners or rush about the streets and indulge in horse play, and fill the public-houses, we lift pious hands to heaven, and say, "How shocking it is that these young people will not come into our schools! We must educate them more." And we put a new "ism" into the curriculum of our elementary schools and add a new craft to our technical schools; and still they do not come.

What we want to give these wild young people is an organised leisure. In other words, we want to teach them how to play and give them room and a place to play in. The *joie de vivre* of the lowest factory lass or lad must find an outlet, and if it can find no other place, it will find it in the street or public-house. We want to keep this joyful spirit of youth alive—Heaven knows it is often nearly stifled, if not killed outright, in many a lad and lass by the terrible slavery to the machine which seems the curse of our industrial system—and direct it into right channels. The boy or girl at work all day in the mill or the factory, perhaps standing or sitting or repeating some deadly mechanical action all the time, want, when their work is over, to run and shout and enjoy themselves; for, after all, they are but children; they do not want to go and sit on a bench and learn something which their poor tired brains are too exhausted to take in. Give them a good play-time, an organised play-time, four evenings out of the week, and you will get them in your schools the other two.

Is it too soon to hope that a regular organisation of games might be started; that town councils, municipalities, and any other of the powers that be might think it a necessity that spaces must be found for cricket and football fields, fives courts, etc., and that large halls for gymnasiums and morris-dancing, with smaller rooms off for sit-down games, must be provided?

We want people's palaces in every place of more than 20,000 inhabitants, and we want to see to it that more music halls and concert halls are supplied for the people, and that the music and entertainments provided are all good, without being what the young hooligan calls "high class" and so not worth his notice.

We want more boys' and girls' clubs, and clubs for married men and women too. We have our Happy Evenings for the children; can't we have our Happy Evenings for the young men and women, and the fathers and mothers too?

The gambling devil that has taken hold, with its evil grip, on our lower working classes, must be forced to let go, and we can surely help to loosen the clutch of its claws by making our people lay hold of the good honest excitement that competition in games brings. Why do these people gamble? Is it not because they want something outside their own hard-working, sordid lives, and the excitement of a bet, be it on horse or man, gives it them? Do they not drink from the same cause? The unconscious cry of their souls must be to get out, to escape, and by drinking they can become oblivious to all that is wretched in their lives, and, for the time being, perfectly happy. Think you we cannot save a young man or woman from both these evils to a very great extent if we teach

them to amuse themselves and give them every opportunity to do so; directing, encouraging, organising, and showing them what they want?

A short time ago I was in the municipal art gallery and museum of one of our great Midland cities on a Sunday afternoon. The gallery was crammed with young people of both sexes, staring at the pictures with non-understanding eyes, when they were not shouting and pushing each other about. I remarked to an official what a number of young people were in the gallery, and he said the numbers were nothing to what they would be in an hour's time. "I assure you, sir," he added, "the place is then a bear garden, and we can't keep order; so we chuck 'em out by dozens into the street." "Here is my young hooligan," I thought, "wanting something, and because he does not know what he does want, and can't express himself, he behaves as is natural to him, and gets chucked into the street!"

What a splendid play-time those young men and girls might have had that Sunday afternoon if some of us educated ones had taken eight or ten of them round the gallery at a time, explaining the pictures, not only the subject, but the light and shade and composition, telling the legend or the story here, a bit of a life of some great hero there, or opening out a new horizon of ancient Egyptian, Grecian, or Roman lore to these young moderns over a painted mummy case, an amphora, or a Tiberius.

They are quick to be interested, and, once certain you are not fooling them, take you absolutely on trust, and they would come back Sunday after Sunday. Cannot we who know how to play help to do something to give a real play-time to these others who do not know how to play?—Yours, &c.,

T. C. BASNETT.

Fawley, Wokingham,
August 27.

ART AND INDUSTRY.

SIR.—The revival of life in our villages which is surely, though almost imperceptibly, taking place, may be quickened in many instances by the assistance which social groups in our religious institutions may render. The increasing use of the land for agricultural purposes is being accompanied by the formation of handicraft guilds, and those who have studied the question assert that the one is indispensable to the other, and that only where this is realised will lasting benefit accrue. Whilst the tilling of the soil is of primary importance, yet the handicraft is essential not only as a means of employment during slack seasons, but as a stimulus to the imaginative element in the individual. Such a movement must tend to eliminate that which is ugly in our social system, and when one realises the extremes to which machinery has been applied with the consequent deterioration amongst large masses in our industrial centres, it behoves each individual to use every available means towards this end.

The articles made at these various guilds combine utility with art, and my

object in writing this letter is to suggest that in making presentations, corporate bodies, such as literary societies, class meetings, &c., could assist by giving such guilds an order. By so doing they would influence public opinion, and draw attention to a movement which deserves the sympathetic support of all who have the faintest vision of the potentialities of the human race, and are conscious of their co-operation with God in its evolution. I shall be pleased to send a list of these guilds to any of your readers who may be interested.—Yours, &c.,

W. J. TULL.

38, Beulah-road East, Thornton Heath,
August 26, 1911.

NEW METHODS IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THE Rev. W. J. Piggott writes from 80, St. Matthews-street, Burnley:—

"Some of your readers are members of churches actively engaged in Sunday School and temperance work along new lines, and I am writing a brief appeal to them for any kindly suggestion they can give. We greatly wish to see our Sunday School more effective and our Band of Hope revived, and I hear great things of the Archibald and other systems. Before long Essex Hall may perhaps be able to arrange some kind of Christian Service Clearing House and Bureau of Information, to which every church may contribute reports of new experiments, and where any church may receive well-arranged practical information. But I would rather not wait for this, and if anyone can send me along pamphlets, leaflets, or reports, or write me personally on their individual experience in these new and more effective methods, I should be very grateful."

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.*

It is as natural to die as to be born, says Marcus Aurelius, but this is certainly not the general feeling with respect to death, if we may judge by the many weird tales and strange beliefs which cluster round it. One of these, found in Wales, and with a parallel in the Highlands of Scotland, is that a death is always preceded by a Toili or phantom funeral in which everything takes place as in the real ceremony. These funerals can sometimes be seen, sometimes heard, sometimes felt. In a recently published volume we find, among others, the following tale of the Toili. A certain vicar feeling anxious about his pony, which was sick, went out about midnight to have a look at it. When he came out of the stable, he was surprised to hear a sound as of many footsteps, while at the same time he had queer sensations as of many people pressing round him. Then he heard sounds as if traps and carriages were

* *Stranger than Fiction.* By M. L. Lewes. London: W. M. Rider & Son.

driving up to the churchyard gate and stopping there. A pause, and then, hollow and unmistakable, the slamming of the door of the empty hearse. There followed the tramp of the bearers as they carried their burden up to the gravelled pathway. All this time the astonished vicar saw nothing. Rooted to the spot, he waited till in the same noisy but invisible way as it had come the gathering dispersed. This time he heard talking, and plainly recognised the voices of some of his parishioners. Next morning came a telegram informing him that a relation of these very people had died, and requesting him to arrange for the burial.

Everyone, it appears, has his Toili, though it may not chance to be perceived. In some villages there is to be found an old man or woman who is notorious as a seer and who again and again has given details about the ghostly procession which have subsequently been verified by the real event. No one born on a Sunday can see these phantoms, nor any other spirits either. Another premonition of death is the corpse candle, a light which travels over the path which will be followed by the corpse. Anyone who sees such a light may also see the form of the person to whom it belongs either by looking into any water which it may chance to pass, or by going through the churchyard and inside the church door and waiting there for the light. This was done habitually by a certain Welsh blacksmith, a man of unusual strength and bravery, and by this means he always knew who next was going to die. One night, when a number of young men were discussing such matters in the smithy, a corpse light was seen, and the smith was challenged to go forthwith to the church door. He readily assented and set off. Soon, however, he returned pale with fear. He had seen and recognised the figure, he said, as usual, but when it passed him to enter the church, it had turned towards him and exposed its grinning teeth in the most horrible and ghastly manner. Never again, he vowed, would he go to the church door on such an errand.

The Celtic temperament is known to be favourable to the seeing of visions, and Miss Lewes's material, of deep interest to those who care for folk-lore in itself as well as to many who love a ghost story, is drawn mainly from Wales. Besides such tales as we have instanced she tells us of fairies, wise men, witches, family curses, and ghosts, both human and animal, all the stories purporting to be true and many of them resting on very strong evidence.

What are we to make of these things is a question which many are asking. With respect to the existence of occult phenomena in the external world, science is not yet prepared to make authoritative reply, and the answers given by individuals are based far more on predilections than on evidence. The beliefs are there, however, no matter what the substratum of fact on which they are based; and we may profitably ask what are their place and meaning in the life history of the race.

Their value is apparently twofold, both social and individual. Dr. J. G. Frazer has pointed out that the fear of the avenging ghost has been a powerful factor in enforcing the sanctity of human life,

and thus rendering possible social progress. "Man," he says, "is a very curious animal, and the more we know of his habits the more curious does he appear. He may be the most rational of the beasts, but certainly he is the most absurd. Even the saturnine wit of Swift, unaided by a knowledge of savages, fell far short of the reality in his attempt to set human folly in a strong light. Yet the odd thing is that in spite, or perhaps by virtue of his absurdities, man moves steadily upwards. The more we learn of his past history, the more groundless does the old theory of his degeneracy prove to be. From false premises he often arrives at sound conclusions; from a chimerical theory he deduces a salutary practice." And so, though we may know that the great institutions of the present day are founded on the mire of the grossest superstition, it by no means follows that they ought to be demolished.

And what is true of society is true also of the individual. We are all rooted in the past far more deeply than we know, and if from it we draw weakness, we draw also strength. For it is those primitive instinctive emotions, fear of the dark, fear of the unknown, fear of the ghost, which, when mingled with and sublimated by modern knowledge, give reality and fire to our spiritual life—that life which maintains that things seen are temporal, but things unseen are eternal.

RECENT BOOKS OF VERSE.*

THERE is something extremely attractive about the little books bound in Quaker grey with which Mr. Fifield has made us so familiar, and very often they are found to enshrine some dainty fancies which please us like jewels in a silver setting. But not all who are enrolled among the poets of the Grey Boards Series can speak with the authentic voice of genius of the mysteries of life. Some, like the author of "Songs by the Way," for instance, having tasted of sorrow and disillusionment, offer us little more than dead roses of hope and joy. Others, like Miss Agnes Falconer, take us to the Gate of Dreams about which they are always hovering, but have not the power to lead us through in order that we may converse with the true seers and visionaries. Still, we must be thankful for what we receive, and there are many tender little lyrics and graceful rhymes about flowers, and birds, and rustling leaves in these slender volumes. Miss Falconer's muse is the more cheerful and fanciful of the two, and there is a pleasing lilt about "The Whitethroat," with its quaint Scottish phraseology; but Miss Blaikie has voiced somewhat more effectually the yearning of the human heart for the living waters of life.

"John Murray's Landfall" is a much more ambitious work, and represents

* Songs by the Way. By Margaret Blaikie. London: A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.

Wishing Wood and other Verses. By Agnes S. Falconer. London: A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.

John Murray's Landfall. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. New York and London: Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.

nothing less than the attempt to throw into epic form the story of "a rare soul in the shaping for a mighty work; flamed upon in the forge of God by the fires of love, of death, of religious passion, bruised by the scorn of men, overwhelmed by despair, and, finally, startled into new life by the commanding faith of a lowly seeker after Truth." This book comes to us from across the Atlantic, and it deals with the spiritual experiences of John Murray, who, fleeing from England to the New World in 1770 to escape from religious persecution and his private griefs, is driven by stress of weather upon the New Jersey coast, where he is received as a servant of God by a man of prophetic insight who has built a meeting-house at Good Luck for the heaven-sent preacher he has been confidently expecting. The story has dramatic possibilities, and the deep human interest which attaches to the stressful days when a man who dared to dispute the existence of hell practically took his life in his hands; but we regret that it has not been told straightforwardly in the form of a prose narrative instead of being set forth in blank verse, interspersed with rhymed and unrhymed lyrics that do not always reach a high level of craftsmanship, though they touch upon high themes. The author has seen a splendid vision, and the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man are great realities to him which he has set forth with much power and fervour, but one is conscious of a certain overelaboration of detail, and clumsiness of phraseology, which prevent the imagination from soaring unhindered into the region of the "Nine Thrice-blessed Choirs." The poem is well-printed, and the illustrations, especially the one fronting the title page, and representing the brig "Hand in Hand" riding on the waves through a mist partly illumined with sunshine, add greatly to the attractiveness of the book.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

MESSRS. G. ALLEN & Co.:—The Coming Triumph of Christian Civilisation: J. W. Petavel. Cloth, 2s.; paper, 1s.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON:—The Church of Christ in Corea: Malcolm C. Fenwick. 3s. 6d. net.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN:—The Story of Korea: Joseph H. Longford. 10s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Nineteenth Century, September.

Contemporary Review, September.

Theologisch Tijdschrift.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE ALLOTMENTS.

EVERYWHERE I can hear a sound that is like the sound of the waves beating on a rocky shore. It is the rustling of the wind through leaves and boughs. Sometimes the sound grows louder, and the branches of the elm-trees are tossed about, and the poplars shiver and dance in the sunlight, and the clover-heads in the grass tremble. Then the soft booming of the waves becomes a mighty roar, and it is

difficult to believe that if you lean far enough out of the window you will not see white plumes of spray flying up against the gaunt, grey rocks as you may have seen it on the coast of Devon or Cornwall.

The view from my window is a curious one. It is rather like a puzzle-picture, or a queer sort of chess-board made by nature for the sunshine and shadows to chase each other across. There are squares of bluish-green cabbages marked off by hedges of tall golden-rod; squares of potato-plants guarded by clumps of yellow sun-flowers or crimson dahlias; squares of scented stocks, purple and pink and white, kept in line by fences of sweet-peas or scarlet-runners. Everywhere there are squares, and at the top of each square is a little glass-roofed shanty that would proudly call itself a greenhouse if it wore a brighter coat of paint, and stood in a real garden. Away in the distance great heaps of bricks are stacked up in a way that always reminds me of pictures of the wall round Jerusalem, and there is a tall chimney which looks very ugly and is continually smoking. But you need not look at the bricks or the chimney, for there is a row of beautiful elms close at hand, and all through the summer day you can see wide spaces of blue sky between their swaying branches, or billowy clouds riding majestically over their leafy tops. People who have wonderful powers of vision tell us that the rustling of the branches causes an exquisite shining network of colour to rise and fall about them, and certainly I always think this must be true of the dancing little poplar under my window, though I cannot see the network myself. At sunset, however, the elms stand dark and still against a background of rosy clouds, and as twilight comes on thin mists rise from the ground and link the trunks together with scarves of silvery vapour.

This curious place of squares and glass-roofed shanties is called "The Allotments." It is let out in patches to hard-working men who in their spare time have tilled it, and made things beautiful to look at or delicious to eat grow in profusion where once the land was covered with coarse grass and nettles. I often think about these men, and wonder how many people realise what a magical work they are doing. They remind me sometimes of the peasants of Italy or the South of France who plant grape-vines, and corn, and olive-trees, which take root in the most wonderful way on stony heights where it would have seemed to you and me as if nothing could possibly grow. But oftener they remind me of the artist, who, with the aid of a brush and a few colours, a sheet of canvas, and something else that we must never lose sight of—the imagination—can make us a picture of some mountain, river, sunny meadow or blossoming orchard which makes us catch our breath with delight and surprise—it is so like the real thing! For the men who till these square patches are artists, too, although they produce their pictures by digging and hoeing, and keeping the brown soil well nourished; and just in the same way they are men of *faith* who believe in making dreams come true. Before ever they put spade in earth, or sowed a single seed, they saw in their mind's eye what

this rough ground would look like if they only worked at it hard enough. The lovely flowers and green things that I see from my window now only existed in *thought* then, but these men knew that if they did certain things, and obeyed certain laws of nature which every good gardener has to learn, they could raise a crop of flowers and vegetables which would bring them both pleasure and profit. It is rather like the work the settlers are doing in Canada and Australia, where, bit by bit, the land is being broken up, and "tamed" and cultivated, and where people are building homes which will one day be the centre of wonderful new cities. And all this simply could not be if somebody did not dream dreams, and *imagine*, first of all, what human hand and brain might achieve in the midst of lonely prairies or dense forests. . . .

Everywhere I can hear a sound that is like the sound of waves beating on a rocky shore, and how welcome that sound is to the toilers on the "allotments"! And thrice welcome are the grey clouds mounting up over the elm-trees with their promise of rain before nightfall! We in England have not known for years until *this* year what it means to have a really long, hot summer, and although we have revelled day after day in the glorious sunshine and blue sky, we have also watched with sorrowful eyes how the flowers withered and the green grass turned yellow under the scorching rays that poured down on them all day. The men who work on the squares have had still more cause to be sad, for so much of their labour has been in vain, and all forms of plant-life have suffered for want of the moisture which is as necessary to them as light. Yet they have toiled there early and late, never once confessing themselves beaten, and in spite of every drawback flowers and vegetables are fairly plentiful on the baked patches of the "allotments."

An old writer has described "the garden of pleasure" as a place divided into two parts, the one containing "herbes and flowers used to make nosegaies and garlands of," the other being planted with "all other sweet-smelling herbes, whether they be such as beare no flower, or if they beare any yet they are not put in nosegaies alone." I think that writer would have loved the "allotments," though indeed the flowers and herbs are not kept apart quite as much as he might have wished! But the "nosegaies" smell just as sweet, although the carnations have crept up to the broad beans, and the poppies shed their scarlet petals over the beetroot bed. In the spring there were great clumps of tawny-coloured wallflowers everywhere, and the lilacs used to lean over the garden wall to look at them. Now there are thickets of golden-rod, and tall hollyhocks—some rose-tinted, others of the darkest crimson—offer their crinkled blossoms to the bees that come to them greedy for pollen.

It is a place of sunshine and pure air, of green leaves and sweet-smelling flowers; and to me these bright patches which have been so lovingly cultivated month after month speak of many things that gardeners and agricultural labourers do not often mention, though very often they think about them all the same. They speak of the power and love of God that

is shown in every atom that has life—in the humblest daisy that lifts her little pink crown above the ground, in the tiniest blade of grass, so delicately lined and shaped, that we tread under our feet in the meadows.

L. G. A.

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

THE REV. P. H. HUGENHOLTZ, JUN. :

THERE are many people in England and America, as well as in Holland, who will be grieved to learn of the death of the Rev. P. H. Hugenholtz, jun., which took place at Heemstede on August 12. Mr. Hugenholtz had been in feeble health for some months, and at his age—he was 77—recovery was not expected. In a letter written to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association last Whitsuntide he spoke of his declining strength, but his conviction that truth and goodness were supreme in the life of man and in the universe never wavered.

Mr. Hugenholtz visited England on several occasions, and he had kept himself in close touch for many years with the developments of liberal religious thought. He held an independent position in Amsterdam as minister of a Free Church, and his theological opinions had passed far beyond those of most liberal preachers in his own country. Probably the term "spiritual Pantheist" would best describe his theological position. In later years he grew impatient of the distinctions drawn by Christian theologians, even those belonging to the liberal school, and what may be termed religious sociology had a stronger hold on his sympathy than anything else. His church at Amsterdam was a centre of vigorous and varied work on behalf of all progressive and uplifting movements. It was an unconventional church building inside and outside, as those who attended the international meetings in 1903 will remember. Socrates, Buddha, Mahomet, and many another hero had reverence done them, alongside of the Man of Nazareth. And yet with all this freedom of expression there was a simplicity and charm, along with a reverence for all things pure and true, which made him a most attractive personality.

Mr. Hugenholtz was for many years one of the foreign correspondents of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association; he was a whole-hearted supporter of the International Council. He took part in the first meeting in London, was chairman of the reception committee at the second meeting in Amsterdam, edited the volume of proceedings, and served on the Executive of the Council from that time onward. Those who were present at the reception given at Amsterdam to the delegates from other countries on the occasion of the meetings of the International Council in September, 1903, will recall the delightful way in which he introduced the representatives from England, America, France, Germany, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, Hungary—each in his own tongue, with the exception of the last-named.

His largeness and breadth of mind, combined with a gentle and lovable dis-

position, made him an interesting and delightful colleague with whom to work. Nor was he lacking in that inward fire which would burst into flame when touched by injustice and wrong. A man of wide reading, possessing great independence of thought, generous feeling, and noble ideals, Mr. Hugenholtz devoted himself to educational, social and religious work with an ability, eagerness, and consecration which the people of Amsterdam were not slow to appreciate. His death will be mourned, and the memory of his life and work cherished, by a wide circle of friends in this and other lands.

W. C. B.

LADY FORDHAM, OF ODSEY,
CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

MANY of our readers would see with a deep feeling of personal sorrow the announcement last week of the death of Lady Fordham, wife of Sir George Fordham, of Odsey, which occurred on Friday, the 18th ult., after a long period of illness following a serious attack of influenza in 1899. Lady Fordham was a granddaughter, Fanny Osler Blake, of the Rev. William Blake, Unitarian minister at Crewkerne, and daughter of the late Mr. William Blake, of Bridge, near Ilminster, and was born at Bishops Hull, near Taunton, December 12, 1854. She was educated at home and at Miss Norton's School, Holly-hill, Hampstead. Many of her former school-fellows will feel that they have lost a dear personal friend by her death.

In 1877 she was married to Mr. Herbert George Fordham, of Odsey. Her husband, now Sir George Fordham, and five children, two sons and three daughters, survive her.

Lady Fordham came of an old Non-conformist stock, Liberal in politics and in religion, and both she and her husband have always adhered to these principles; but her interest lay not in controversy, either political or theological, but in active work for the good of those amongst whom she lived, watchfulness over the lives of all on the Odsey estate, with kindly sympathy and practical guidance and help for all in the neighbourhood who needed it in time of difficulty, hardship, or sorrow. She took a great interest in the work carried on by the Mission in the Mill Room at Odsey, and it was a serious disappointment to her to be prevented by failing health from being present at the recent opening of the new County Elementary Schools, of which she was a manager. She was a member of the Ashwell School Board for some years until its dissolution, and was one of the original members of the Cambridgeshire Education Committee, taking an active part in its work until prevented by ill health.

The home over which Lady Fordham presided at Odsey was one of those havens of rural calm and beauty from which such as are privileged to visit them return to the "din of towns and cities . . . with tranquil restoration," and with enrichment of their store of the pleasant restful memories of life.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, the 23rd ult., in the family burial-ground at Odsey, the whole of the service being

held under the bright and peaceful summer sky. The service was conducted by the Rev. Joseph Wood, of Birmingham, and a short memorial address was delivered by the Rev. Lukyn Williams, Vicar of Guilden Morden, and Rural Dean, who spoke with deep feeling of Lady Fordham's many deeds of gracious kindness, her thoughtfulness for others, and the respect and affection in which her memory would always be held. The affectionate regard in which Lady Fordham was held was testified by the presence of a large number of relatives and friends, not least by the residents on the Odsey estate and in the hamlet.

The simple peaceful beauty of the service, and the quiet laying to rest beneath the shade of the trees near to the garden which she loved and the home which her presence had blessed, was in keeping with the spirit of her life.

F. H. J.

IN MEMORIAM.

LADY FORDHAM.

18TH AUGUST, 1911.

AND then her light went out and she became

The loving spirit-mother of my dreams;
She, the beloved of all those who knew
Or met her on her tranquil kindly way,
And knew the deeds of kindness that she did

Because to her they were a part of life,
Just tasks of every day and mankind's need,

A lady bountiful in all her deeds,
Kindly and wise,—so gentle and so kind,—
The friend of all who stood in need of help,
The friend of all who suffered and had pain,
The loveliest woman that the earth has held,

Loving and loved, and deep set in men's hearts,

A presence that no change can take away.

M. C. F.

Sunday, 20-8-11.

MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES

NOTES FROM NEW ZEALAND.

THE flag is planted in the South Island. Perhaps the readers of THE INQUIRER do not know that there are a North Island and a South Island. More's the pity, that the geography and characteristics of these rising nationalities on the outskirts of, and yet within, this great British Commonwealth should be so little known to the people at the centre. Perhaps we magnify our importance in our own eyes. Yet it seems to us that it will pay you to be better acquainted, not only with New Zealand butter, and cheese, and mutton, but with the producers of these necessary things.

So there is a South Island, and at last

it begins to be of living interest to Unitarians. The flag is planted there for the first time. I have just returned from a visit to Timaru, and the news I bring back is that a third Unitarian church has been established in New Zealand.

Eleven and a half years ago, in 1900, I landed in Auckland, to take charge of a small movement which had been carried on for two years by a persistent little band of pioneers. In 1904 the Rev. C. Hargrove, M.A., was instrumental in founding the Unitarian Society in Wellington, to which in 1906 Dr. W. Tudor Jones came out to minister. Such has been our progress Southward hitherto; and now we have leaped the Straits.

Last year a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. J. H. G. Chapple, of a parish near Timaru, was tried for heresy, one of the charges laid against him being that he had preached in the Unitarian Church at Auckland, and was deprived of his charge. By good fortune the position of borough librarian fell vacant just then, and Mr. Chapple, being much respected and generally admired for his independence, got the appointment. But, unlike how many others in his situation, he did not abandon his interest in the propagation of the gospel of religion in freedom when his old pulpit was closed to him. He was not allowed by the Presbytery to say so much as farewell to his former flock; but having occasion one day to enter the church, and standing in his accustomed place, facing the empty pews, there came over him a mastering sense of the world's need of an unfettered religious message, and he knelt down in his old pulpit and devoted his life to the spread of that message. There was a kind of heroism in the act, for he has a large family dependent on him, and much to make a man pause before preferring any cause, and least of all an unpopular cause, to his private and worldly interests.

In January of this year, after acting as *locum tenens* in Auckland until Mr. Hall arrived, he took a small hall in Timaru and gave four introductory lectures. He was encouraged by the attendance of 80 to go on; and since then Sunday evening services have been held continuously, with increasing support and enthusiasm. A Sunday school was soon started, and a Free Discussion Society to meet during the week. A generous member presented an American organ, and several others gave time and materials for needed furniture.

So matters progressed until June. Then the leading Presbyterian minister of Timaru went out of his way, in a local controversy over the Bible-in-schools question (here we rejoice in a national system of secular education, with freedom from denominational difficulties; but the orthodox churches have begun trying to circumvent the Act with the immediate consequence of raising sectarian strife), this minister went out of his way to make a bitter attack on Mr. Chapple, writing of "a small congregation known as the Unitarian and Rationalist, which is ministered to by the librarian of the Public Library, who is a paid official under the Borough Council."

In the midst of the increased interest which this attack aroused came my visit,

which had been promised and arranged some time before. I found that the hall had been crowded out the Sunday before I arrived, and a larger hall had been hired for my visit. On the Sunday morning I had a two hours' conference with the leading supporters. In the afternoon I visited the Sunday school, which with a roll of 50 had only 20 present on account of the inclement weather; and in the evening was the principal service. There must have been 270 or more present, and at the close when an invitation was given to all interested to attend a business meeting, between 60 and 70 stayed behind. I there explained the free constitution of our churches, and a unanimous resolution was passed forming those present into the Unitarian Church of Timaru. Next day a social was held at which over 200 attended; which, if it may not be taken as a measure of the strength of Unitarianism, is yet a tribute to the liberal sentiment in the town, the sympathy that is felt for Mr. Chapple in the attacks made on him, and respect for his talent and manhood.

Timaru is not the most likely place that we should have chosen as the site of the first Unitarian church in the South Island. Christchurch and Dunedin are towns four times as large. But it is large enough. It has a population of 12,000; and a brighter, more prosperous, and more progressive place one could not wish to see. Very bonny it looked when I was there, the dwelling-houses all planted in their own garden plots; the rich agricultural country at its back, each field framed in gold with its hedge of blossoming gorses; and away in the distance, dominating the landscape, blanketed in snow, the massive range of the Southern Alps, Mount Cook (12,349 ft.) towering over all 80 miles away. Timaru, I am told, exports more grain than any other port in New Zealand, and has also a respectable output of wool, butter and mutton. On these the prosperity of the place is based, and there is every prospect of that prosperity increasing.

Mr. Chapple has a following, not only in the town, but also in the country, where, 12 miles out, is his old charge; and some of his former parishioners are in warm sympathy with him. They wish him to hold services, and I see no obstacle to an extension of his work when the town church has once been firmly established.

Mr. Chapple has hitherto given his services free, declining all remuneration; but an effort will be made soon to raise a guarantee fund for his salary, to secure his undivided time and energy for the church. Negotiations were in progress when I was there for the purchase of a site; and altogether I feel that not merely is the flag planted in the South Island, but it is firmly planted.

The next important step for Unitarianism in New Zealand will be the formation of a New Zealand Unitarian Association, to bind the three existing centres together, to corral the many Unitarians who are scattered up and down the Dominion, and to direct attention to possible missionary efforts.

WILLIAM JELLIE.

Wellington, July 26, 1911.

A WOMAN IN SWISS PULPITS.

THE gallant little Republic, which has ever been in the van in matters of civil freedom, religious enlightenment, and education, has once more been true to its traditions in opening the pulpit of its State Church to a woman, and, moreover, to one of Liberal religious views, for the Reformed Church of Switzerland is, in most cantons, of so broad a type that it has room for greatly varying shades of opinion, and demands no subscription to creed.

On July 23 the Rev. Gertrude von Petzold, M.A., now in charge of the Waverley-road Church, Birmingham, which, being a descendant of the late George Dawson's Church of the Saviour, is a strictly undenominational place of worship, preached in the Kreuz-Kirche at Zurich. This beautiful church, of classical architecture, standing on a hill, which commands a fine view of the mountains around Zurich, was filled with an appreciative congregation. On the Tuesday following she lectured in a public hall on "The Ministry of Women in the Church," and the following day to the Theological Association of the University on the Free Churches of England. Among the audience were Professors Köhler, Schmiedel, and Arnold Meyer, the Rector of the University.

From Zurich Miss von Petzold proceeded to Basle at the invitation of Herr Pfarrer Altherr, who was, till recently, the minister of the Paulus Kirche. It was of gracious significance that his last public act should thus be the introduction of a new order, furthering the emancipation of women. The Paulus Kirche is of white stone within and without. The interior is very fine, though somewhat unusual to the eyes of an English Nonconformist, as the white stone is entirely unrelieved by woodwork. It is of octagonal form, with four semi-circular extensions, in three of which are galleries and in the fourth the organ. The pulpit stands in an alcove in front of this, and on either side are three groups in coloured mosaic, executed by the son of Pfarrer Altherr. The front of the pulpit and galleries is decorated by carving. Despite the intense heat, and the unusual hour, 8 p.m., the great church was filled with a perspiring but eager throng, for alas! the Swiss Church has this, in common with the English, that ventilation is not usually considered to promote worship. The severely simple Swiss order of worship was followed. It opened by the slow singing of two verses of a hymn by the seated congregation. Few seemed to have books, but most sang heartily the grand chorale. Next, all stood while the minister read the appointed prayer. This was immediately followed by the sermon, delivered in German, as were her other sermons and lectures. For fifty minutes the preacher held her congregation, which included several other ministers and members of the University staff, in rapt attention. The service concluded with the hymn, "Lobe den Herren." The expression on the faces of many of the audience showed that they had for a brief while seen "the things which are above."

Miss von Petzold's next invitation was to Pontresina, in the Ober-Engadine

As one for the first time journeyed on the Albula Bahn, one was impressed, not only with the wonders of God's work in nature, but also with the marvellous skill of man, His son, in triumphing over nature. The train, guided by the watchful eye and careful hand of the engine-driver, for whom one felt a profound respect, climbed up and ever up. It crossed gorges at dizzy heights, it burrowed through mountains, it zig-zagged up steep inclines, and seven times performed complete circles, crossing its own track at a higher level, till at last it emerged in the lofty sunlit valley of Pontresina. Here the travellers were welcomed by the genial Herr Pfarrer Hosang and his hospitable family. Pontresina and its Pfarrer need no introduction to readers of letters from the "Crow's Nest."

The railway had appeared to be leading so far from all English-speaking life that it came almost as a shock to be asked, though in German, if one knew Mrs. Chapman Catt, and to hear an appreciation of Mr. Lloyd George. But, indeed, there is no intellectual stagnation in the Pontresina Pfarrhaus. The eminent fitness that spiritually-minded women should become ministers in the Christian Church had been long discussed, and Pfarrer Hosang had more than once voted for this in the Synod of his canton.

Sunday, August 6, was the Engadiner Blumen-Tag, when the youths and maidens of the Engadine villages, dressed in picturesque national costumes, sell flowers for the benefit of the hospital. But despite these, and other outdoor attractions of a perfect summer season, the church was filled at ten o'clock, the usual hour for morning service. The following is extracted from a local paper:—"The large audience followed with strained attention the very able speaker, who by the thoughtfulness of reasoning, beauty of language, and earnestness of manner, made a great impression. Anyone who heard the sermon is bound to be moved to deeper thought, and perhaps some will revise their judgment respecting the fitness and call of woman to the ministry."

The church is lent to the Presbyterians for an English service, following the Swiss, and the chaplain was waiting on the doorstep in anxiety lest the innovation might encroach on his arrangements, but no such disaster followed.

Thus in Switzerland, as in England, the door is opening for the ministry of women. The harvest truly is ready; we are assured by all denominations that the labourers are too few. Who will volunteer?

EMMELINE DAVY.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Chatham.—The Rev. J. Morgan Whiteman has sent a trenchant letter to a local paper which publishes questions and answers on religious subjects under the heading "Everybody's Bible Question Box," protesting against a number of inaccuracies which have recently appeared in this column. The statements dealt with are manifestly inconsistent with the results of modern Biblical criticism

and archaeological research, and Mr. Whiteman is doing a public service in trying to correct the "bad theology and worse geology" of the correspondent of the "Bible Question Box" in the name of religion and science, and "in the name of the truth which must embrace both."

Manchester: Cross Street Chapel.—The Sunday services which have been discontinued since the death of the Rev. E. P. Barrow will be held regularly again from September 3. The Harvest Thanksgiving and Reunion services will be held on October 1. The annual sermons for the Lower Mosley-street schools will be preached on October 15 by the Rev. W. Whitaker, and on October 22 the Rev. Dr. Drummond, of Oxford, will conduct both services.

Newport, Mon.—A presentation was made on Sunday, August 27, at the Unitarian Church to Miss K. Llewelyn, whose marriage to Mr. Mawer, of Ipswich, will deprive the Sunday school of its valued organist.

Padiham: Presentation to the Minister.—On Wednesday, August 23, the Rev. J. E. and Mrs. Jenkins were the recipients of a handsome presentation which had been subscribed for by over 600 persons representing the Sunday school scholars, members of the congregation of Nazareth Chapel, and friends. Mr. James Hartley officiated as chairman, and referred appreciatively to the eight years' ministrations of Mr. Jenkins in Padiham, and the good work which had been accomplished during that period. Letters of apology were read from Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Ingham, who were unable to be present on account of sickness, and from Mr. J. T. Harrison. Mr. Joseph Northage, who presented the gifts, gave a brief résumé of Mr. Jenkins' career, and said that he had gained the respect and admiration of all with whom he came in contact. Mrs. Davy made the presentation to Mrs. Jenkins, and both Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins responded. There were close upon 400 persons present.

Spain-lane, Boston: the late Mr. Alfred Hall.—The members of this chapel have to record a great loss in the death of Mr. Alfred Hall, of Skirbeck. Mr. Hall was for many years a master mariner of this port, although he has long been in retirement. In his early manhood he called casually at a Unitarian chapel in a southern town, and so impressed was he by the service that he joined our fellowship on his return home. He thus began a lifelong and diligent membership, and his wife, who predeceased him by some four months, became a no less active supporter. As it is, the parents' name and influence are being vigorously sustained by their daughters in the Sunday school, and by their two sons, the Revs. W. C. and Alfred Hall. The funeral took place on Wednesday, August 23, amid every token of respect and sorrow. The service took place at Spain-lane Chapel and was conducted by the Rev. A. G. Peaston. After a memorial service on Sunday evening, a resolution was passed recording the members' deep sense of personal loss and recognising Mr. Hall's long and constant services to the cause of Liberal Christianity in Boston.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

send for particulars of

**THE STEARNS TYPEWRITER
THE GRAPHOLITH DUPLICATOR
ONION SKIN CARBON**

JOHN W. POOLE, Ltd.,
57, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH OF LINCOLN.

Bishop Wordsworth, who forms the subject of a biographical study by Mr. A. C. Benson in the *Cornhill Magazine* for September, was the son of Christopher Wordsworth, a brother of the poet, who was chaplain to Archbishop Manners-Sutton and afterwards Master of Trinity. There were literary traditions on both sides of the Bishop's family, for his mother was the sister of Charles Lloyd, the poet, and the friend of Charles Lamb. He himself wrote and compiled many books, including a learned commentary on the Bible, which was the work of years, and his daughters used to describe how their early education was sacrificed to this in the days when they and their governess used to spend whole days in copying out the MS. "It is amusing to recall a story in the Bishop's family," says Mr. Benson, "that in his daughters' dolls'-house, while the lower rooms of the house were occupied by puppets engaged in the ordinary avocations of life, in a small bare attic at the top there sat a small doll in a chair at a table, representing the master of the house. If it was inquired what his occupation might be, the answer was: 'He is writing his Commentary.'"

* * *

"The Bishop, as I remember him," Mr. Benson tells us, "was not in the least a terrifying figure! He was compactly and lightly built, and he moved with singular grace and alertness. His complexion was dark, and his expressive eyes moved quickly under his big forehead. He had a very beautiful and irradiating smile, which lit up his ascetic face, with the two deep wrinkles that went from his nose to his lips. In my mental picture of him he is always smiling! His smile was rather a mystery to myself and my brother, because it did not seem to be connected with any particularly humorous events or ideas. It was just expressive of an attitude to the world."

* * *

The article concludes with the following sympathetic comment on the Bishop's character, "so vital and yet so remote from life," and his theology, which was of the rigid and mediæval order: "As a witty and tender-hearted Lincoln resident said, in reply to a question as to whether Wordsworth was popular in his Cathedral town, 'He is as popular as a man can be three-quarters of whom is in the third century and the rest in Heaven.' One cannot expect, or even honestly desire, that the expansion of Christian thought should be limited, as Wordsworth would have limited it, to such antique lines; and yet his example may lead one to the belief that no development is sure and stable which does not carefully keep in view the conditions out of which the world is passing, which does not give its due and true value to the past and to the great factors of history and tradition, evoking order out of chaos, and wide principles out of passionate preferences."

THE DESTRUCTION OF WILD FLOWERS.

The Selborne Society is making a determined effort to check the wholesale destruction of wild flowers, especially on the outskirts of London, which will mean the extermination of even the commonest plants if it is allowed to go on. It is pointed out in a leaflet published by the Society that it is not only the hawker and collector who are to be blamed; the pollution of the air with black smoke, the layers of dust deposited by motor-cars on the roadside, fields and hedges, and the laying out of golf-links, have worked much mischief. The appointment of official botanists for each county is advocated, also the better enforcement of smoke regulations, and the putting down by the local authorities of the dust nuisance.

DANCING ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

Attention has been drawn, in the *Daily News*, by Mr. Raymond Unwin, the architect of the Garden Suburb, to a fact which is often lost sight of by those who object to the rowdiness of holiday-makers on Hampstead Heath—namely, the inadequate provision which is made for the enjoyment of the people whose hilarity is apt to get beyond bounds. Much as everyone would desire that the quietness and beauty of the Heath should be preserved for those who are able to appreciate it, the crowds that go there for boisterous merry-making must not be left out of consideration, and it would seem to be a practical policy that this great open space should be properly organised with a view to providing them with some legitimate outlet for their high spirits. Dancing is very popular among them, but it is not an agreeable sight, as Mr. Unwin points out, to watch it going on in the roads outside the public-houses among a crowd of spectators. "At very inconsiderable expense," he says, "dancing floors could be laid down on the heath and music provided. Twopence, or a penny even, charged to the dancers, would defray the expense, and if the floors were laid in a little hollow with banks round, the hundreds who like to look on could do so without stopping the roadway."

* * *

Mr. Unwin makes another valuable proposal when he points out that there ought to be "a holiday *crèche*," where the hundreds of women who come out to enjoy Bank Holiday with their husbands and friends, but who are unable to leave their babies behind, can put the little ones under the care of capable nurses, get a ticket by which to identify them on their return, and go off with an untroubled mind. These suggestions, made as they are in a spirit of sympathy and understanding, are much more practical than mere complaints about the hooliganism of a small minority of people which is causing so much trouble, and which, if it is only repressed by stricter police regulations, will simply break out afresh in another direction.

AN EPILEPTIC COLONY.

In an article in the first number of *The Peacemaker*, Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter gives an extremely interesting account of the

home for sufferers from epilepsy at Bielefeld, in Westphalia, which he visited in 1909. "The colony now extends," he says, "through two valleys, divided by a wooden ridge in which stands the church. The architect's office superintends no less than six hundred buildings, including those of the daughter colonies at Eckhardtsheim and Freistatt. Here at Bethel are patients of all ages, of many ranks and callings, and of every degree of malady. They are grouped in homes, built on various scales, planted in the woodlands on the hillsides, in gardens and on farms. The smallest do not include more than twenty-five patients; only one provides for ten times as many; it bears the name of the whole colony, Bethel, and from its hospitable kitchen supplies the daily needs of Old Bethphage, Siloam, Emmaus, Little Bethel and Shunem, providing meals for 700 people. . . . There are 2,500 patients. Employments of every description are devised for those who can share in any kind of manual labour or handicraft."

* * *

The saddest cases, we are reminded, are those of the adult patients who lie helpless, with hardly human faces, unable to dress or even feed themselves. "But the heroism and self-sacrifice of the followers of Jesus endure the labour with untiring love. Sarepta is the centre, the 'mother-house' of 1,200 deaconesses. From house to house throughout the colony they watch and train, and nurse and wait. At Nazareth the brotherhood of deacons has its home, and 430 brothers are engaged in the same way with male patients. Wisely are rest-houses provided, where the strain of incessant attention may be relaxed; and homes for those who have grown old in this holy service of suffering." In such work, as Dr. Carpenter points out, all who are fighting against degradation, suffering, and sin will find "a field of holy competition where mutual knowledge will remove prejudice, disperse suspicion, and drive out mistrust. Those who are enlisted in the great fight with evil under whatever form will know that on either side of the North Sea they serve a common Master and share in a common cause. Between such fellow-workers there may be differences of opinion, there cannot be enmity."

TWO USEFUL SCHOOL GUIDES.

We have received copies of the fourteenth edition of Paton's "List of Schools and Tutors," and "Guide to Continental Schools," which are full of valuable information for parents. They are profusely illustrated, and prefaced by excellent maps. A chief feature of the "List of Schools," is a collection of photographs of leading educationists in the Dominions and Colonies, and we understand that this year some 2,000 copies have been sent to the oversea countries, in addition to others which have been supplied to consulates and embassies, hotels, steamship companies, and public libraries. Lists of the scholarships and exhibitions obtainable at the public schools, both boys' and girls', are given, as well as information regarding preparations for the services and professions, engineering, the mercantile marine, and agriculture as a profession for women.

What
have you
DONE

Questions Which You Must Answer-

What have you done this year to better your position? How many evenings have you given to developing your earning powers? The better part of a year cannot go by without bringing home to every young man and woman those vital questions.

Each evening of study *now* means weeks, months, and years of increased earnings in the future. Each I.C.S. instruction paper mastered means a net gain to the student in marketable knowledge. Here is an example of time well spent:—

"ALTHOUGH I have been a Student with the International Correspondence Schools for only two months, through the assistance of your Glasgow representative I have secured a good situation with one of the leading firms of Glasgow."

(Signed) W. BRETTON, Glasgow.

That is also an instance of the valuable help given to I.C.S. students, either by headquarters or the local representative working hand in hand with headquarters.

All I.C.S. students are enthusiasts about the rapid progress they make when directed by the I.C.S.; so concentrated are the lessons, and so admirably is the instruction arranged, that a few months' study makes a marked difference to their earning powers. Every week as an I.C.S. student, whichever of the 180 different courses you take up, brings you nearer to a position among the men who get the most pay.

Terms arranged to your convenience—no extras—no books to buy—no sacrifice of present employment. Send *now* the coupon for free particulars.

Should you be visiting the Festival of Empire, Crystal Palace, you will do well to inspect the I.C.S. Exhibition, stands Nos. 61-64, section D, South Transept, or, you are heartily welcome to visit the magnificent headquarters of the I.C.S. which stand out among the many fine buildings growing up in London's new thoroughfare—The Kingsway.

"The way to Better Pay is the I.C.S. way"—over 100,000 I.C.S. students affirm it is so.

Better Position Coupon

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.
Dept. 63/B45, International Buildings,
Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify to enter, or to obtain a larger salary in the occupation or profession before which I have marked x (or in the one stated here.....)

—Electrical Engineering	—Architecture
—Mechanical Engineering	—Analytical Chemistry
—Mining Engineering	—Book-keeping
—Civil Engineering	—Shorthand & Typewriting
—Heating	—Advertising
—Steam Engineering	—Modern Languages
—Gas Power & Oil Engines	—Civil Service
—Motor Engineering	—Opportunities for Women
—Machine Shop Practice	Over 180 Courses in all.

Name.....

Address.....

Board and Residence, &c.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.—"Cranstock," 59, Warrior-square. First-class BOARD and RESIDENCE and FLATS; most comfortable throughout. Sea View, excellent cuisine, billiard and smoke room, sanitary certificate.—Mr. and Mrs. SIDNEY P. POTTER.

GRANGE-OVER-SANDS, LANCs.—Miss ALICE E. PASSAVANT receives Paying Guests at 2, Newlands. Prospectus on application.

LOW GREEN HOUSE, THORALBY, AYSGARTH, S.O., YORKS.—Paying Guests received. Sunny situation, lovely Autumn foliage, interesting rambles and excursions in Wensley, Wharfe, and Swaledale.—Particulars from Miss SMITH.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.—Board-Residence near Station, Sea, and Links. All kinds of Sport. 25s. per week; week-ends 10s. 6d.—"Lynwood," 18, Magdalen-road.

NORFOLK.—PAYING GUEST received in Ladies' comfortable, private, sunny country house. Bath, nice garden, near station.—Miss LIMMER, Yaxham, E. Dereham.

LADY seeks another to share rent and expenses of house at Acton. Servant kept. Favourable terms if slight domestic oversight given.—E. C., c/o H. G. Scarll, 404, Uxbridge-road, W.

VEGETARIAN BOARD-RESIDENCE, temporary or permanent. Homelike. Ladies and gentlemen. Convenient situation. Room and breakfast from 3s.—Madame VEIGLE, 63 & 65, Hereford-road, Bayswater, W.

PAYING GUEST.—Lady wishing to spend winter in Bath can be received in private house. High situation, small family. Companionship desired. References exchanged.—W. H., INQUIRER Office, 3, Essex-street, Strand, W.C.

QUIET, REFINED HOME, with every care and attention, offered to Elderly Lady or Invalid. Pleasant village in Sussex Downland.—Address, Mrs. M., INQUIRER Office, 2, Essex-street, Strand, W.C.

BREAKFAST CLOTH! Genuine Irish Linen, Cream Damask, ornamental design; Shamrock centre; borders to match; 42 inches square, 1s. Postage 3d. Illustrated Catalogue and Patterns, FREE.—Write, HUTTON'S, 5, Larne, Ireland.

PARCEL FREE! Containing over 300 Patterns of Charming Irish Linen Summer Costume Fabric, "Flaxella." Light, washable; wide range of attractive designs, new shades; wears for years.—HUTTON'S, 5, Larne, Ireland.

THE BUSINESS OF THE WORKERS' BOOKSHOP, For the Sale of PUBLICATIONS Educational, Technical, Philanthropic, Social,

A List of which may be obtained free,
IS NOW TRANSFERRED.
5, Princes Street, Cavendish Square,
the new premises of the Central Bureau for the
Employment of Women.

19TH CENTURY BUILDING SOCIETY, ADELAIDE PLACE, LONDON BRIDGE.

DIRECTORS.

Chairman—SIR ALEXANDER WALDEMAR LAWRENCE, Bart.

Deputy-Chairman—F. H. A. HARDCASTLE, F.S.I.

LESLIE T. BURNETT. | Miss CECIL GRADWELL.
Miss ORME. | HUMPHREY G. RUSSELL.

A SAFE AND SOUND INVESTMENT FOR LARGE OR SMALL SUMS.

Save 5/- Monthly. Subscription Preference Shares of £20 each are issued suitable for small investors. Payable 5/- monthly and they receive 4 per cent. interest.

Preference Shares of £10 each now receive 4 per cent. interest free of income tax.

Deposits received at 3 and 3½ per cent. free of income tax.

Investments are withdrawable at any time on short notice.

Repayments, Survey Fees, and Law Charges low. Prospectus free.

HENRY T. WRIGHT, *Manager.*

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

Typewriting, &c.

TYPEWRITING.—Sermons, Articles, and MS. of every description accurately and intelligently typed. 1s. per 1,000 words. Also duplicating undertaken. Terms moderate.—E. P., 14, Buckley-road, Kilburn, N.W.

APPLES.—Excellent Cookers, 2d. per lb. Delicious Dessert do., 3d. per lb. In boxes of 21 and 42 lbs., carriage paid in England and Wales.—FRANK ROSCOE, Steeple Morden, Royston.

OLD FALSE TEETH.

We give highest possible prices for above. Offers made; if unacceptable, teeth returned. Dealers in Old Gold or Silver in any form. Bankers' references; straightforward dealing.

WOOLFALL & CO., SOUTHPORT.

Printed by UNWIN BROTHERS, LTD., 27, Pilgrim-street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., and Published by THE INQUIRER Publishing Company, Ltd., at the Office, 3, Essex-street, Strand, London, W.C. Manchester (Wholesale), JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate.—Saturday, September 2, 1911.

* * Regarding Advertisement Rates see inside Front Cover.